Week ending September 1 1951 Every Wednesday Fourpence

John Bull

DRAMATIC OLD BAILEY SCENES IN

"The Trial of Victoria Lamartine"

by MICHAEL GILBERT

She never brought him home!

After the cinema one night

DAPHNE (*thinks*): "*I'd love to ask John home . . . but there won't be anything to give him . . . it'll be so miserable.*"

JOHN: "*What are we waiting for? Let's go on and meet the boys!*"

At home that night

DAPHNE: "*Sorry I'm so late, Mum!*"

MOTHER: "*Another time you bring your John home —I'll give you both a treat!*"

The same week: scene—a dance hall

JOHN: "*After the dance we'll get together with the old crowd. All the boys will be there.*"

DAPHNE: "*John . . . I wonder . . . you see, I'd love it if you'd come back home instead!*"

10·30 THAT EVENING

FATHER: "*Good drink, this.*" MOTHER: "*I told you—it's* real *chocolate.*"
JOHN (*aside to his girl*): "*This is the way I* really *like to round off an evening!*"

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Drinking Chocolate
RED LABEL

is the ideal round-the-fireside drink. For it is *real* chocolate. Rich, sweet and smooth . . . just like the chocolate you can remember from the old days! And it's very easy to make, too! (Note to wise housewives: always keep a tin in the store-cupboard!) 1/2½*d.* a ½-pound.

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Here are two daughters to be proud of — with their glowing vitality, glossy hair and smooth, clear skin! In babyhood they started with a credit balance in the Bank of Health. See to it that this is maintained and increased, through the daily teaspoonful of SevenSeaS Cod Liver Oil No investment pays such high dividends.

Sea-fresh, pure and palatable, SevenSeaS can protect your own and your children's health and staying power. It ensures the development of sound, healthy bodies, good teeth and strong bones.

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Golden liquid for babies — and the home.
Capsules for the school child — and at work.

Build up their health reserves with

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Every chemist sells it, oil from 1/6, capsules from 1/9.

JB

FILM *always dulls your smile . . .*

Do you want it to cause decay?

Whether you want whiter teeth or sounder teeth, film is a shadow on the health of your mouth. Film is the coating that forms on teeth from saliva and food particles. Its first effect is to make your smile look dingy.

But the second effect of film is worse—and it may cost you your teeth themselves. This is because some of the bacteria in film act on food in your mouth to produce corrosive acids. Once these acids pierce the enamel round your teeth, *decay* has a hold. Pepsodent is the only toothpaste which contains the IRIUM* that clears stubborn film from your teeth *instantly*. If you're proud of your smile, keep your teeth healthy and free from film by brushing them with Pepsodent *after every meal*. And don't forget to see your dentist twice a year.

** Irium is the registered trade mark of Pepsodent Ltd. for a specially soluble ingredient that gives greater cleansing power, and removes harmful film from teeth.*

FILM

ONLY Pepsodent TOOTH PASTE WITH IRIUM

HAS THE IRIUM THAT **FIGHTS FILM**

JB

PD 165-322

EDITORIAL

Our education experts will need to think again

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN are awaiting the results of the first examination for the new National Certificate of Education.

This is the exam which has this year replaced the former School Certificate and Matriculation—and also caused a great storm in the educational world.

It is an attempt to adapt the examination system to modern needs; to provide some sort of reliable test of young people's attainments while guarding against thwarting their natural talents on the one hand, and, on the other, cramming them with information which can be of little use or interest to them in later life.

The aim is splendid, and a revision of the old examination system was admittedly needed. But the methods adopted are open to criticism.

Most of the criticism has been aroused by the rule that nobody may sit for the examination under the age of sixteen.

There is also strong complaint over the fact that *degrees* of success are not made public—all that is disclosed is whether a child passed or failed.

HEADMASTERS and form masters, like everybody else, are judged by results. Increasingly, under the old system, they were encouraged to try for more and more School Certificate successes and to train their pupils to win these certificates at an increasingly early age.

Boys and girls were in danger of being ruthlessly crammed with set subjects.

The school would enhance its reputation with more strings of Credits, Distinctions and Honours, a higher average of passes and a lower average of ages. But the scholar, unless blessed with unusual powers of resistance to this high-pressure teaching, was liable to suffer in many ways—destruction of any real interest in the subjects he had crammed into him, a tendency to become a mere recording machine instead of a thinking human being, even sheer physical and nervous exhaustion.

The new National Certificate was introduced as a simple test of proficiency, a guarantee that the boy or girl had the normal mental equipment and standard of learning which the average employer would demand.

The unhealthy hot-house forcing of the younger children would be prevented by fixing an age limit. The inter-school "pot-hunt" for more and more credits and distinctions would be prevented by excluding any grading beyond "Pass" or "Fail."

That, under this bare recording of "Pass" or "Fail," the clever and industrious boys and girls do not receive full credit for their brains and toil is an unfortunate fact but perhaps not one of great importance. Their healthy rivalry is kept alive by end-of-term placings and their known talents earn them the right to further education.

But the system of preventing a gifted child from taking the exam and passing on to more advanced work simply because he was not born in the right year is both unreasonable and unfair.

Masters, children and parents alike are asking why a bright child capable of taking the exam at fourteen should have to wait two years.

An examination of this kind is not a transitory event. It shapes the course of a child's future studies and ultimately his life. If he gets the examination out of the way early, so much more time is left in his school career for concentrating on congenial or specially useful subjects.

As it is, many children simply mark time, waiting until they are officially old enough to enter. Although able to soak up the necessary learning twice as fast as the dull ones, they must be fitted into the same mould because of a preposterous rule.

To reduce the sense of frustration, some schools are entering their forward pupils under age. They sit for the exam alongside their elder brothers and sisters, but the result does not count. Later they will have to sit again if they want to emerge from school with certificates to show employers.

THE aim of modern democracy is to provide equality of opportunity. Given the opportunity, each child should be free to progress as rapidly as he can.

It seems that the Minister of Education and his expert advisers need to think again. But it will now be fairest and most sensible not to change things in a hurry.

The new system should be tried for at least two years—with the loyal co-operation of teachers and parents.

Meanwhile, a keen eye must be kept on the obvious weaknesses and a sound plan prepared, without anger or prejudice, to get rid of them by 1953.

ON OTHER PAGES

ARTICLES

I JOIN AN OUTPOST IN NO-MAN'S-LAND (First of three dispatches) . . . . . by Harry Hopkins 7
HE'S GOT THE STARS TAPED . . . . . by Dal Stivens 10
MILLIONAIRES' PARTIES IN THE GOOD-TIME DAYS (Part 4 of 7-part series) . . . . . by Jean Nicol 13
HERO OF THE FLYING AMBULANCE . . . . . by Keith Ellis 16
BRITAIN'S MOST COMPLETE ANGLER . . . . . by Lawrence Earl 21

FICTION

WE'RE NOT DEAD YET . . . . . by Alan Jenkins 11
THE TRIAL OF VICTORIA LAMARTINE (Part 3 of 7-part serial) . . . . . by Michael Gilbert 14
TOMORROW AT THREE . . . . . by Pierre Boileau 18

FEATURES: FREE SPEECH. 4 NOW YOU KNOW . 24 HUMAN MACHINE . 26 OH, JOHNNY! . 31 COMPETITIONS . 34

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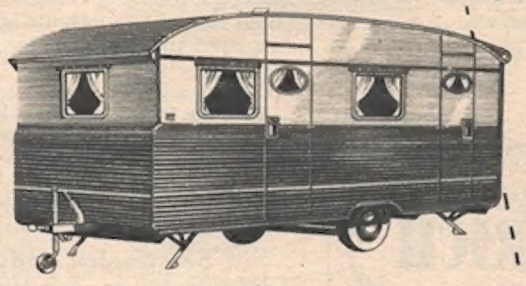

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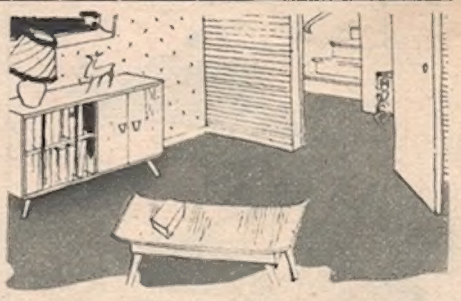

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best thing I've ever taken for
RHEUMATISM

Some call it rheumatism. Some call it fibrositis. Whatever it was I'm rid of it—and very glad I had the sense to take Fynnon Salt. I know Fynnon Salt is a laxative—*and a good one, too.* But there is a medical reason why Fynnon Salt is a *particularly good laxative for rheumatic sufferers.* Fynnon Salt helps the kidneys to filter away poisons *which can be responsible for rheumatic* aches and pains . . . NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, FIBROSITIS, SCIATICA, and GOUT. There are large tins of FYNNON SALT for 2/3 everywhere. *Get one now!*

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There's nothing like Esso Handy Oil for helping homes to run like clockwork. It ends squeaks in an instant, is ideal for every household gadget and it not only *lubricates* but, by virtue of special ingredients, *cleans* and *prevents rust* as well.
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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
September 1, 1951 VOL. 90 No. 2357 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Parents should make marriage decisions

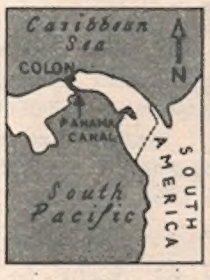
AGAINST THE WISHES of their parents, couples under twenty-one are frequently granted permission to marry by magistrates. What is the purpose of parenthood if a vital decision, affecting the whole future of a son or daughter, can be taken out of the parents' hands and entrusted to strangers, however well meaning?

Only in extreme cases, such as when neither the boy nor the girl has parents to advise them, should magistrates be called upon to give their consent to a marriage. — R. SINCLAIR PERRY, 25 Woodside Road, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

See Naples And...

LOOKING FOR BREAKFAST, three friends and I wandered into a restaurant in one of the poorest districts of Naples. After we had ordered, the waiter went out to buy the food and we had to wait while it was prepared. When he had served our (very enjoyable) meal, he explained: "People here are too poor to risk buying too much. We wait until you have ordered, then go to the nearest shop and buy the food, charge a little extra and the ten per cent tip. It's the only way in poor Napoli."—S. MARKS, Liverpool.

Where East Is West



CHARLES IRVING'S story *Short of Murder* (JOHN BULL, August 11) described Colon as being at the eastern end of the Panama Canal. As the canal flows from the Atlantic to the Pacific and Colon is on the Atlantic seaboard, most people think this is true. But, being a Merchant Navy officer, I should like to point out that the course of the canal from Colon to Panama is approximately south-east, so that Colon is at the western end.—W. BURGER, 41 Alltygrug Road, Ystalyfera, nr. Swansea.

Help For G.I. Mothers

WE READ OF G.I. BRIDES being able to visit their parents in this country because cheap trips are arranged for them. But there are lots of parents, like myself, who would like to visit our children in America and Canada. We cannot impose on our children to pay our fares. Why cannot cheap trips be arranged for us, too?—MOTHER, Birmingham.

Voyage With Hopkins

LIVING IN A PEACEFUL VILLAGE in a world enclosed by the four walls of my home, with my husband and two babies, I find it hard to believe that just over eighteen months ago I was living at the top of Hongkong's glorious peak with a servant to do my work and leisure to descend, whenever I felt the urge, to that amazing shopping centre below, where big European stores, Chinese street stalls, rickshaws, American taxis, coolies with poles and endless pedestrians jostle one another without any sense of incongruity. If I have thought of it at all, it has been rather like looking back on a book I once read, but Harry Hopkins's brilliant pen pictures and photographs carried me back instantly to the atmosphere of Hongkong.—MRS. M. COLLINGS, The Manse, Hartland, nr. Bideford, Devon.

Harry Hopkins's latest dispatch from the Far East danger zone begins on page seven.

Salvage With A Smile

HAPPY IDEA in a north country town: a box with a slit in the top placed in a corridor of the town hall. Anyone passing may drop in his old razor blades with the knowledge that he is helping the salvage effort. What a welcome solution to the old problem.—F. CLARK, 49 Eaton Avenue, Bletchley, Bucks.

. . . Waste paper is said to be worth £20 a ton. Thousands of us are council tenants with rents of about £1 a week and, if the nation's need for this raw material is so great, why cannot councils give a lead by writing off one week's rent for every hundredweight handed to their collecting van?—C. G. TYE, 15 Mortenye Road, London, N.17.

Football In Summer

ON HOLIDAY IN DERBYSHIRE, I visited the Ashbourne district where a group of villages run two football leagues during the summer, starting their games when other football finishes in May and finishing at the end of August. They play all their games in the evening.

I discovered the reason is that most of the players are farm workers who find

Ashbourne's Cup Final—August 15

it difficult to get Saturday afternoons off.—W. LANDER, 5 Starch Lane, Sandiacre, Notts.

Savings Safeguard

RECENTLY I was told at the post office that my savings bank book would have to be retained for a check-up. It was duly returned to me by post about a week later. As I was given no receipt for it, I am wondering what would have happened if it had been lost.—CHARLES H. CRADDUCK, Upper Sorrels, Fittleworth, Pulborough, Sussex.

If this should happen, says the Post Office, write to the Director of Savings giving account number, post office at which the account was opened and the date. A new book will be issued free.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

PRACTICE makes perfect is the moral of Douglas L. Mays's painting. "My two younger daughters hate piano practice," he says. "I once told them that if they didn't do it I wasn't going to waste my money—and they could tell teacher that. They did!"

Superstitious Brides

BRIDES FREQUENTLY ARRIVE LATE for their wedding ceremony, because of a foolish superstition that it is lucky to do so. It never seems to occur to them that other people have to be considered, but the most important aspect is that if a couple wish to be married in church they should have some belief in Christianity. And no Christian should have superstitious beliefs.—A. ELRICK, 5 Wavell Crescent, Aberdeen.

No Colour Bar

READING THE LETTER from a mother who said that the colour bar could be ended by children if their parents would

Julia

Gladys

co-operate ("Free Speech," May 26), I decided to write about it to my pen pal. Her name is Julia Postles and she is a Negress who lives in New Jersey, U.S.A. We are both fourteen and we have been writing to each other for two years. I love her like my own sisters. —GLADYS WRIGHT, 3 Wantfield Cottages, Margaretting, Ingatestone, Essex.

How Accidents Happen

YOUR TIMELY EDITORIAL on road safety (JOHN BULL, August 11) omitted to mention one of the most prolific causes of accidents: the disregard of speed limits.—F. H. BRUNWIN, 15 Henry Drive, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

. . . Prams, kiddies, broken glass, rough and patchy surfaces, children on tricycles and stones all help to discourage the cyclist from riding on *his* track. — D. BENNETT, 111 Newmarket Road, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire.

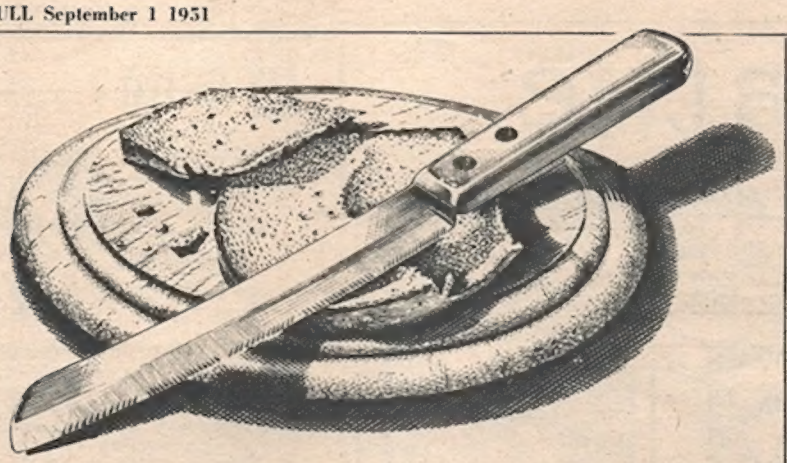
. . . One cause of accidents you did not mention: the man who sits at home and allows his dog to roam the streets. —S. CRITCHLEY, 33 Cherry Tree Walk, West Wickham, Kent.

. . . Susceptibility to accidents depends on a number of factors, such as speed of reaction and sharpness of vision. All drivers should have to undergo tests to measure these abilities.—S. BRITTAN, The Dilkhusa Grand Hotel, Ilfracombe, Devon.

. . . There is a need for a safety device to stop any vehicle if the driver collapses.—REGINALD BROWN, 22 Darnall Road, Sheffield.

. . . It is untrue to say that cycling organizations resist measures of road discipline which might save the lives of their members. Cycle paths are not an answer to the problem. To protect the cyclist by removing him from the accident arena is quite illogical. Its end would be to ban cyclists from all roads. —G. CLARKE, 96 Farm Road, Chilwell, Beeston, Notts.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.



Thank heavens I had some Elastoplast *in the house!*

A recent investigation shows that 9 out of 10 people who ask for a brand of first aid dressings prefer Elastoplast.

It's Elastoplast-icity you want in First Aid

SOMBRE SCHOOLMASTER TAKES 'REGULAR' LESSONS

Poor Old Blodge-Duff, the chemistry master! No wonder the Lower Fifth call him "The Stinker"—his very language is enough to turn pink litmus-paper blue. "How's the form?" I chaffed him.

"*Ill-disciplined and recalcitrant,*" *snapped B-D,* "*and so is my system. Since I started with this constipation I've had no interest in teaching. I loathe every test-tube.*"

"With tubes like yours I'm not surprised," I said.

"*What?*" *shouted B-D.*

"Sir," I faltered, "you have 30 feet of tube inside your tuck-box—and every bite you eat has to work its way through it. The trouble is that, if you eat a lot of soft, starchy foods, your intestinal muscles have nothing to pull on, and they won't work properly."

"*Sounds like that block, Smith Minor,*" *growled B-D.*

"A block is what *occurs*," I said. "That's what causes constipation and makes life look blacker than your gown. What you need," I ordered, "is more *bulk* in your diet. Write out a hundred times 'I need All-Bran'."

"*But that's a breakfast food,*" *quibbled B-D.*

"Ah yes," I said, "and most delectable. But All-Bran is also a bulk food to keep your bowel muscles at work, and make you 'regular'."

"*I'll remember the formula,*" *said B-D.*

And did he? Well, the next time I met him, he looked as if he'd decided his schooldays were the happiest years of his life, so I said, "All-Bran worked, eh?"

"*Emphatically!*" *carolled B-D.* "*It made me 'regular' in less than a week. It's great stuff.*"

"Top of the class," I said.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN relieves constipation, keeps you 'regular.' Made from rich outer layers of whole wheat, deliciously oven-toasted with sugar, salt, and malt. Makes a splendid breakfast, and many appetizing cakes, buns, and surprise dishes. From all grocers.

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Pile and Plain Carpets & Rugs.

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Post in unsealed envelope, only 1½d. stamp for
FREE 28-Page COLOUR HOME WEAVING BOOK, 1951, FASHION LEAFLET & COLOUR PRINTS OF RUGS & CARPETS to G. R. WOOD & CO. (Est. 1890), Weavemaster Weaving Centre, 206 Kensington Church Street, London, W.8.
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JB6.

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REGULAR ARMY

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

The War Office: AG10 59c· London · SW1 *Please send me, without obligation, the new fully illustrated book 'The Regular Army'*

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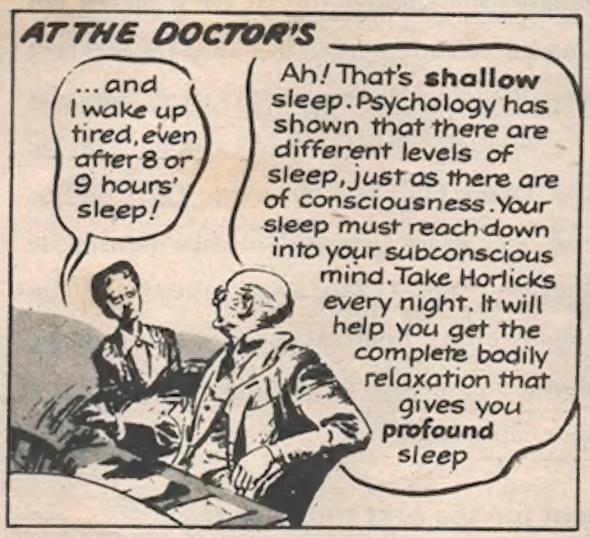
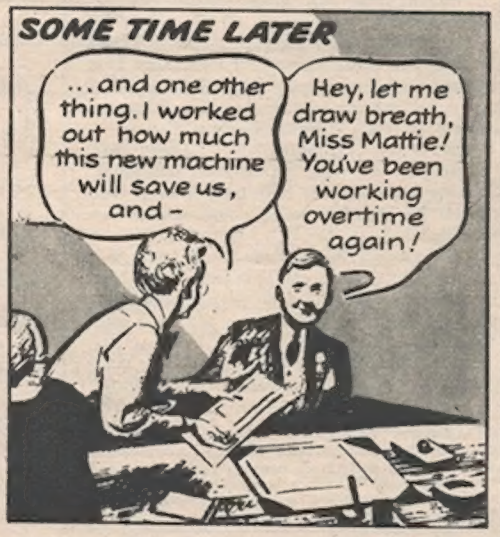
OUR Miss Mattie

...and I only hope to run Bowden's as well as my father did. I know I can rely on you to help me, Miss Mattie
Of course you can, Mr. Bowden

BUT, SOME MONTHS LATER
Miss Mattie still hasn't decided, Mr Bowden. I'm afraid-er-Miss Mattie-er-
I know, Gill, I know. Poor Miss Mattie's getting past it!

Can-can we do anything, Miss Mattie?...
No, it's - it's all-right, girls...
Why can't I do my work nowadays?.. always so tired... I think I'll see a doctor...


AT THE DOCTOR'S
...and I wake up tired, even after 8 or 9 hours' sleep!
Ah! That's shallow sleep. Psychology has shown that there are different levels of sleep, just as there are of consciousness. Your sleep must reach down into your subconscious mind. Take Horlicks every night. It will help you get the complete bodily relaxation that gives you profound sleep


SOME TIME LATER
...and one other thing. I worked out how much this new machine will save us, and -
Hey, let me draw breath, Miss Mattie! You've been working overtime again!

This is our Miss Mattie, Simpson. It's she who really keeps this firm going
Ah, Miss Mattie! I've heard a lot about you
How do you do?
What a difference Horlicks made

I'd been at Bowden's all my life - but all my experience couldn't make up for that awful tiredness. I couldn't concentrate, couldn't even think straight. I **am** glad I had the sense to go to the doctor - he told me how sleep should reach down into your subconscious mind. And Horlicks helps so much. I'm Miss Mattie of Bowden's once more - my old self again

HORLICKS

MY CHILD?

NEVER!

It's nobody's fault: any child, unfortunately, can pick up head lice. There is no need to reproach yourself or worry about it. One application of SULEO HAIR EMULSION will clear the most heavily infested head. *Rapid in action—harmless to hair and scalp—non-irritant—undetectable after use.* Guaranteed completely non-inflammable.

SULEO the SAFE remedy

Obtainable from all Chemists 2/2 a bottle

IT'S A JEYES PRODUCT

"But you should see the other feller"

Mum's patched me up with

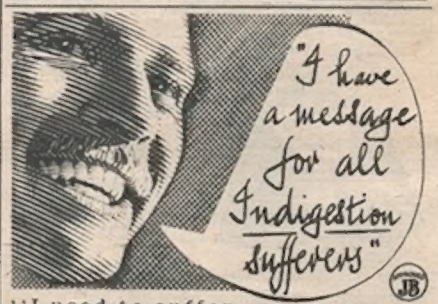
ADAPTOPLAST

ADHESIVE WOUND DRESSINGS

EUFLAVINE GAUZE DRESSING

9d & 1/6d PER TIN FROM CHEMISTS

A PRODUCT OF Cuxson Gerrard & Co. Ltd. OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM.



"I used to suffer agonies with indigestion," *says Mr. C. of Hitchin,* "it was just as if I'd eaten red-hot knives. A friend recommended 'Bismag'... I bought a bottle and it certainly did the trick. Now I swear by 'Bismag'—a couple of tablets and it's goodbye to indigestion." 'Bismag' contains some of the quickest acting ingredients known for neutralising stomach acid—that's why so many former sufferers recommend it. Take the advice of the people who KNOW and get a bottle from your chemist today.

'Bisurated' Magnesia

Call it BISMAG *for short*

More Comfort Wearing

FALSE TEETH

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Foreign Legion defence post in Tonkin. The fight against the Communist-led Viet-Minh is no mere anti-bandit campaign, but a bitter full-scale war

Viet-Nam became an independent state within the French Union in May 1949. It has three provinces: Tonkin, Annam and Cochin-China

I join an outpost in no-man's-land

HARRY HOPKINS reports from war-stricken Indo-China

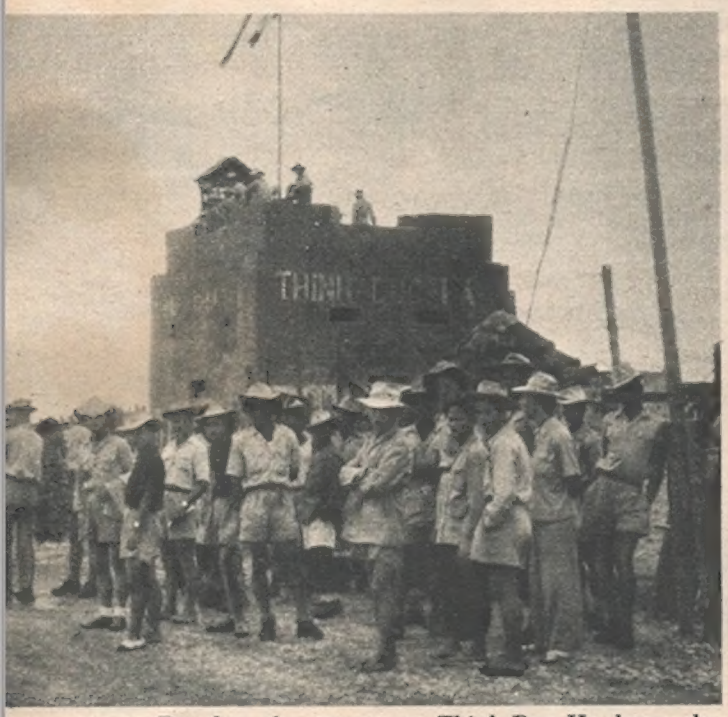
HANOI

FORTY-ODD KILOMETRES down the road that runs south from Hanoi, we stopped at the post of Thinh-Duc-Ha. Pallisades of bamboo, criss-crossed and sharpened to points at the top, encircled it, crossing the road. You drove in past the pallisades and you came to a wall. Inside the wall there was another circle of stakes and earth for a mortar emplacement, mud-walled living quarters, a little blockhouse with slits commanding the bridge, and then the high square tower with "Thinh-Duc-Ha" painted across it in white letters. Inevitably you thought of the Crusades or the Last of the Mohicans.

Two young French officers, seventy Senegalese, and fifty Viet-Namese irregulars called "Partisans" manned the post. Its commander, Sous-Commandant Garbay, from Bordeaux, took us climbing up the ladders to the top of the tower. All around, as far as the eye could see, it was flat, flat; an endless, glistening chequer-board of ricefields. But here and there in the vast, rippling green mirror floated dark rectangular islands, thickly curtained with trees. Within these

Scale document up

From the tower at Thinh-Duc-Ha, a French officer points out rebel villages. Hopkins took these pictures during his tour of the Tonkin war front



By day the troops at Thinh-Duc-Ha have the upper hand. At night they are forced to retire into the fort and await the Viet-Minh attacks

General de Lattre de Tassigny at the front. Col. Erulin (left) of *Groupement Mobile No. 4* was killed a few days after Hopkins took this picture

dark, remote coverts the millions of the Delta lived their lives.

Sous-Commandant Garbay pointed to the dark rectangle over to our east. "That village," he said, "is Viet-Minh. That one there is good. That one"—he shrugged and swivelled his hand in a Gallic gesture—"that one is *comme çi, comme ça.*" It was Garbay's job to know those things. By day he would push out patrols through the ricefields and into the villages. By day he was strong. By day he could call with his signal lamp on the top of the tower for support from the guns of the tanks down the road. By day he could ask for the American Hellcats or B26s on his radio.

But when night fell—in this as in thousands of other similar posts all over the land—the frontiers of Garbay's kingdom dramatically contracted. His men would retire within their pallisades, pulling the barriers across the road behind them. Sometimes, Viet-Minh — the Communist-led anti-Government forces—would attack, raining mortar-shells into the fort, blowing up the pallisades with dynamite. But, in the morning, when you searched the villages, you found no guns. By then all were safely buried in their caches in the ricefields. But sometimes you would find propaganda leaflets sewn into the collars of men's shirts or into the hems of their jackets.

A gust of wind caught and flung out the two flags that flew together above our heads, the familiar tricolour of France and the flag of Viet-Nam with three red lines through an orange field—orange the Imperial colour, three stripes for the three constituent provinces of Tonkin in the north, Annam in the centre, and Cochin-China, the old French colony of the south. It was a handsome flag, the world's newest—but the birth-pangs of the new nation it signalled would be prolonged and bitter.

World's Worst Road

"What a pity," said Sous-Commandant Garbay, "that you could not have seen my last post. Ah, it was *la plus jolie, la plus solide* . . . there were flowers. . . ." A Chinese bus, loaded down with peasant women and baskets, jolted past below us. The name of the owner was painted in large white letters across the windows. "See," said Garbay, "that is so the Viet-Minh will know they have paid their protection money. Then they will not harm them."

The road ran on along the top of the bund, several feet above the level of the flooded ricefields, bisecting the vast chequerboard. One hundred and twenty miles or so to the north, it crossed into China. Twelve hundred miles to the south it entered Saigon, turned west to Bangkok. This was the way the Japs had come in 1941 to launch their Co-prosperity Sphere. It was still, in 1951, the gateway to the treasure-house of South-East Asia.

It must also be, at the present moment, about the worst road in the world. To travel thirty miles on it is a shattering experience. Unrepaired for years, it has not been improved by the Viet-Minh habit of digging trenches every three yards across it for hundreds of yards at a time. In the daytime the local villagers are conscripted to fill in the trenches. But there is always a question whether the people who fill in the trenches in the daytime are not the same ones who dig them out in the night.

It is that sort of war—endless, stupid, bitter. Now in its fifth year, it has cost France 30,000 men killed, maimed and missing, and £800,000,000. It has wrecked the lives and homes of many hundreds of thousands of ordinary simple Viet-Namese people, caught between fires. It has slaughtered innocent women and children. Its antecedents are complex. For the "incidence of accident," which, after VJ-Day in 1945, brought swift independence to most of South-East Asia's nascent nations, played some grim tricks in Indo-China.

In Indo-China—as in no other South-East Asia

Viet-Minh "career prisoners" help French soldier in dismantling wireless equipment

colony—the colonial Power, Vichy France, stayed in office till nearly the end of the war. Then the Japanese, seeing defeat before them, hurriedly put the French behind barbed wire, turned the government over to Viet-Minh (League for the Independence of Viet-Nam) revolutionaries who had been organizing in China.

Ho-Chi-Minh, "Uncle Ho," the grand old man of Viet-Nam's independence struggle—and also, as it happened, professional Moscow-trained revolutionary—emerged from a lifetime of plotting and hiding to head the new state. On September 2, 1945, Viet-Nam's Declaration of Independence was issued from Hanoi. All over South-East Asia the same thing was happening. The dream that a generation of nationalists had fought and died for was being realized overnight. The sleeping nations of Asia were suddenly awake and aware of themselves and their power.

Behind The Times

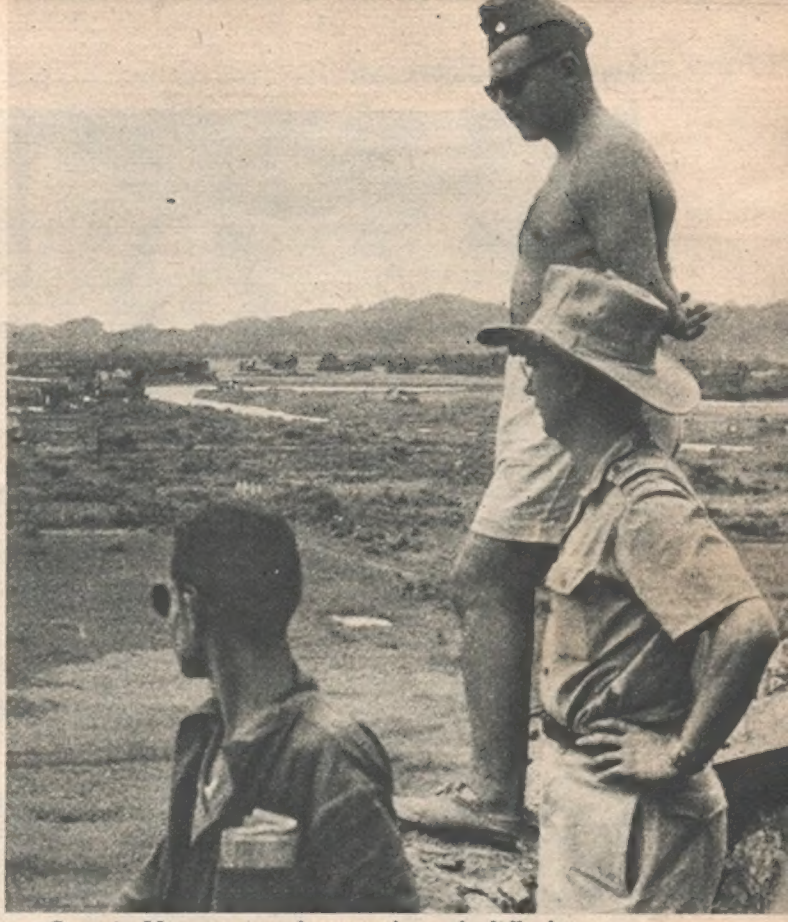
But the French in Indo-China had no Mountbatten, no man with vision enough to recognize that the world had changed, that colonialism could never be again. They were fond of "our marvellous balcony on the Pacific" which they had kept as a virtual monopoly for the French investor. And, although few in France might know much about it, it was, nevertheless, as one cynic said, invaluable for the "*placement de père de famille*" (gilt-edged investment).

Landing in Indonesia to disarm the Japs, General Christison was forced by circumstances to recognize the Republican Government that had taken over there. "I do not come," he announced, "to hand back Indonesia to the Dutch." Landing in Indo-China, General D. D. Gracey pushed the Viet-Minh out of Saigon, held the ring till the arrival of General Leclerc and his army, fresh from the victories of the Rhine.

But even as the French Army "restored order" in the south, in Hanoi, the Tonkin capital, a national assembly was in session, a national government being organized. For, beyond the 16th parallel, Potsdam had made China the occupying Power. And the Chinese, unlike the British, did not welcome back the French.

The French had no choice. They had to make a deal. The wrangling was endless . . . at Hanoi, in a cruiser in the Bay of Along, at Dalat. Ho-Chi-Minh was invited to Paris, fêted, flattered in the city where, twenty-five years before, an impecunious photographer's assistant, he had

Sailors of L.C.M.6 return from a skirmish. Viet-Minh rebels had been spotted gathering rice. The hunt began; shots were fired, and later the sailors returned with two captured boats



Captain Marengo stands atop the rock cliff where Gen. de Lattre's son, Bernard, died in action

lived, writing articles and editing a paper to rally "oppressed colonial peoples." But the Fontainebleau Conference broke up like the rest. In September, 1946, the French and Ho-Chi-Minh signed a *modus vivendi*, giving Viet-Nam a vaguely defined "independence"—within the French Union and within the Indo-Chinese Federation. Cochin-China, however, still kept its colonial status and was not united into the new State of Viet-Nam until May, 1949.

It was, in effect, an armed truce. Meantime, in the "Popular Front" of Viet-Minh, the moderates were being eliminated, the extremists were gaining control.

The break was not long in coming. In November, the French customs at Haiphong pursued a junk which had been passed by the Viet-Nam customs. Shots were fired. Rioting started. The French naval commander's method of dealing with this was to bombard Haiphong from the sea. On December 19, Viet-Minh struck back. In Hanoi and in garrison towns all over central and northern Viet-Nam, they launched sudden savage attacks. Hundreds of the French were massacred, mutilated. Towns were razed to the ground. Dragging with them hundreds of French men, women and children as hostages, Viet-Minh withdrew, with 30,000 armed men, to the mountains.

Five years later, the 30,000 armed men have become 300,000, a well-trained army excellently officered, an army backed by a full-scale governmental organization, led by some of Viet-Nam's ablest men. It has its own currency, revenue system, industries, schools, hospitals, foreign legations.

Strange Phantom War

The war we were taking a look at in this jeep-trip round the "front lines" was no mere anti-bandit campaign, but a full-scale war—yet a strange phantom war against an enemy largely invisible, a war of shifting, uncertain loyalties, of a nascent nation divided, miserably, unwillingly—and hopelessly—against itself.

In the back of our jeep, the little Viet-Namian soldier shoved home the bolt of his rifle and began to whistle piercingly and off key. On both sides of the road, under the vast straw-like conical hats which are the universal headgear of Indo-China, the peasants worked in the ricefields, knee-deep in water, gathering in their harvest. Half a dozen women jogged steadily along the road in front of us, balancing over their shoulders long poles from each end of which swung baskets heaped with grey, dry rice. That was Indo-China—two immense, heaped rice baskets and a long, hard pole. In the north, the teeming Red River delta, supporting nine million Tonkinese on a precarious margin of subsistence; in the south, the Mekong delta of Cochin-China nourishing four million people on 5,000,000 acres of land the French reclaimed from primeval swamp. And between, balancing the spilling rice baskets, the pole—the long wild chain of the Annamite Mountains, the thousand-odd miles of the "Mandarin Way" that hugs the narrow coastal plain to the gateway of China.

When Night Comes

Most of the deltas were held by the French and the Viet-Nam Government. But the pole was broken in a dozen pieces. And the rest—with one-third of the country's population—was Viet-Minh territory. Even in the nominally "pacified" areas of the delta, like the one we were travelling through, the Viet-Minh committees still held sway in a good many of the villages. At night the frontiers changed. Movement on the roads ceased. Hanoi, Saigon, Hue and the other bigger towns became islands of security in a vast sea of peril.

The country, on either side of the road, was utterly empty. Now and then we passed a Catholic church, two high, square towers, a florid façade in Spanish style—testimony to the wealth of the Mission, the pioneer of Indo-China and the biggest landowner in Tonkin. But the church would stand alone: there would be nothing else. For it was an idiosyncrasy of the Viet-Minh that when, in 1946, they levelled Tonkin, slavishly following the "scorched earth" model of the Russians, they spared the churches. Otherwise Moscow could have had no complaint to make of their thoroughness. Instead of the thirty hospitals in 1945, Tonkin has six.

We passed a long line of Viet-Minh prisoners. A big black Senegalese corporal, a tommy-gun slung on his shoulder, ambled at the head of the long straggling column. Racially, this is a very mixed war. The Legion, which won Tonkin for the French in the eighties, is now back again on its native heath. Its ranks contain many Poles and Italians, Latvians, Ukrainians, a New Zealander, an American, two or three Englishmen—but if there were any secret about the origin of the great bulk of its battalions, the songs sung in the streets of Hanoi on Saturday night would soon give it away. It is, someone has said, the "Afrika Korps without Rommel." For many Germans in 1945 this seemed the best, the quickest, way out of their prison camps—and not too many questions asked.

The next post we passed looked rather like one of those old English castles which the guidebook says have been hit by Cromwell's cannon-balls. A great hole gaped in its side. The young Viet-Namian lieutenant who commanded—it was an all-Viet-Namian post—explained that it had been struck by a Viet-Minh bazooka; but not an ordinary bazooka, no, sir, the new recoil-less bazooka that was a copy of the latest Czech Skoda model. Because of this, the post was famed for miles around.

In addition to the weapons it got from the Japanese, buys from Siam, or receives from China, the Viet-Minh has many small workshops hidden away in its territory where it manufactures rifles, machine-guns, bazookas and mortars—its favourite weapon. It has next to no artillery and no aircraft at all—although it is now training pilots.

The General Arrives

We came at last to Phuly, the headquarters of *Groupement Mobile No. 4*, a sprawl of thatched huts in a sea of churned mud.

The celebrated Colonel Erulin, its chief, was waiting at the crossroads, wearing his best light blue forage cap, and carrying his walking-stick. General de Lattre de Tassigny, it seemed—who was always just about to arrive somewhere on his extensive front—had this morning chosen to arrive at Phuly. The colonel eyed the two lines of Algerian soldiers, resplendent in their red-and-white cumberbunds, doubtfully. It was, he said, the best they could do on the spur of the moment. The rest of the men of his *groupe* were out on a reconnaissance operation.

There was a droning in the sky, and a black speck appeared. It was the general's famous Morane. The colonel hurriedly rearranged the adjutant's buglers. The light plane skimmed down over the narrow airstrip. The buglers let go with all they had. The troops snapped to attention. De Lattre stepped out, immaculate in a near-white uniform, Napoleonic. He stalked down the rank of Algerians; he shook hands with

Continued on page 22

During a playback, Derek Faraday (seated) exchanges comments with Irene King, of the Keynotes

He's got the stars taped

by DAL STIVENS

Derek Faraday began his recording business in the parlour. Now, he exports entire radio shows on tape

IT ALL STARTED one summer afternoon in 1933, when twenty-seven year old Derek Faraday sprinted for the board in the long-jump event at an athletic meeting at Farnham, Surrey. He took off well and covered more than twenty-one feet, but landed badly. He threw out his arms to save himself —and broke his left hand.

That was the end of his athletic career, for poisoning set in; he spent the next two years in hospital and nearly had to have the hand amputated. But the end of a career on the sports field proved to be the beginning of another. While the doctors fought to save his hand, Faraday, newly engaged to be married, thought a lot about his future. He had been trained as an electrical engineer, but already he had become interested in broadcasting. For three years, since 1930, he had been a free-lance radio announcer, compèring famous dance bands and variety acts three or four nights a week.

As he lay in hospital, his arm and hand suspended by sandbags, Derek Faraday suddenly remembered a record he had received a few months before. A listener to his B.B.C. dance band programme had recorded, on a shiny piece of aluminium, Faraday's announcements and some numbers played by Joe Loss and his band.

"I played the home-made record to Joe," Faraday recalls. "We were very interested to hear ourselves, and then we forgot all about it. But later, in hospital, I suddenly thought: the only person who can't hear a broadcast is the artist himself. Suppose I were to start recording broadcasts so the artist could check on his performances?"

For more than a year Faraday swotted up everything he could read on recording. When he left hospital and married Eve Grey, who was also in broadcasting, they launched Star Sound Studios in a small semi-detached house at Kenton, using the lounge as a studio, and filling most of the lower floor with equipment, some of which Faraday had made himself. Their first client was Tom Newman, the billiards champion, who paid two guineas for the recording of a B.B.C. commentary on a match he played with Sidney Smith.

Biggest Private Studio

Stars of broadcasting and the concert hall became clients. Progress was so good that today the front parlour family business is the biggest private recording studio in Europe, employing a permanent staff of fourteen. Derek Faraday, now aged forty-five, with the heavy figure of the ex-athlete in middle age, is vice-president of the Association of Professional Recording Studios.

The list of names of clients and those who have used the studios reads like a stage and radio *Who's Who*. Among the signed photographs on the walls of Derek Faraday's office are those of Ivor Novello, Sir Charles Cochran, Arthur Askey, Tommy Trinder, Tommy Handley, Nelson Keys, Harry Roy and Ambrose.

Most of the recordings at Star Sound and other big studios are done on magnetic tape, which is cheaper than discs and easier to edit. Dull spots in recorded variety shows can be snipped out and the tape rejoined. Since the war, Star Sound has been busy recording B.B.C. programmes—which are often pruned—for radio networks in Australia, South Africa and Hongkong.

Faraday is justifiably proud of the thirty-two half-hourly programmes he recorded for broadcasting on American networks. Designed to "sell" Marshall Aid to the American people, they were sponsored by the Economic Co-operation Administration. Writers and producers who worked on these programmes included Laurence Gilliam, D. G. Bridson, Leonard Cotterell, Edward Ward and Marjorie Banks. Among the top British actors and actresses who played in them, showing how Marshall Aid is helping the peoples of war-torn Europe back to economic stability, were Sir Ralph Richardson, Leo Genn, Norman Shelley, Carleton Hobbs, Ivan Sampson, Belle Chrystal, Marius Goring, Celia Johnson and Vivienne Chatterton.

Surprise For Gracie

Recent jobs have included recording two Handel oratorios for an American network, and recording two-way conversations between London and foreign capitals for a series of articles in a national daily newspaper.

Gracie Fields was one of the first people Star Sound recorded. In 1937 she was giving a recital in the Albert Hall, and her manager, as a surprise, engaged Faraday to record the show. Faraday was waiting on the doorstep with the recordings as Gracie reached her home in Finchley Road. The records were put on and Gracie listened to them with undisguised amazement. "I don't believe it!" she exclaimed. "It's just not possible."

In those days, when the bulk of the work was recording broadcasts for artists who wanted to check on themselves, Faraday made a point of delivering the records the same night. He recalls the now famous dance band leader who used to finish his recital at midnight and wait miserably at Lyons Piccadilly Corner House for Faraday to turn up with the records at 12.45 p.m. These he would grab hastily and rush off by taxi to his flat to hear the worst.

During the four years before the war, Star Sound's log book used to look like a page torn from the *Radio Times*. A three-minute recording on discs cost 8s. 6d., and the studio made seven or eight recordings a day. Almost every artist of note was a client. Many famous sportsmen, too, had records made of B.B.C. commentaries on events in which they took part.

Aleister Crowley's Threat

In 1938 the Faradays moved to a modern house in Kenton and were able to build a larger studio. Almost daily now radio stars were writing or telephoning, asking for recordings of all broadcasts until future notice. Among them was Ivor Novello. "It was his habit to record any new song he composed," says Faraday. "He made a practice of always getting a new song down on the disc as soon as possible. We made the first record of 'We'll Gather Lilacs.' That was in 1943, when we moved to Cavendish Square. In fact, Novello found recording so useful that he later bought his own machine."

One job that Faraday turned down was requested by the late Aleister Crowley, the Chelsea "black magic" exponent. He sent a script of some of his incantations and rites that he wanted recording. Faraday considered the script objectionable and declined the job. He heard nothing from Crowley for a fortnight. Then a

Continued on page 35

There was a sudden commotion. Fred, shuffling forward indignantly, stopped and pointed at the M.C. "What was you saying about Mark Plewley?"

WE'RE NOT DEAD YET

by ALAN JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

He'd been a Champagne Charlie with money to burn; now he was an old down-and-out. . . . But dead? Not on your life! He could still show them a thing or two

AS HE SHUFFLED DOWN the Aldwych, in London, and turned off towards Covent Garden, Fred suddenly remembered who he was. He remembered several times a day, and then forgot again. That was because he was old and sleepy, without friends to remind him. When he remembered, he felt warm and good all over. Then a curtain would drop, the picture would be blotted out; and that was merciful, for to dwell on the past might have depressed him.

What jerked his memory this time was the sight of the Acropolis Theatre. He passed it every night at about ten. That was the best time for fag-ends. Fred collected fag-ends. He saved the tobacco and made new cigarettes with it. This, and going to draw his pension, was all he did.

His best friend was the notice in most theatres: "Smoking is not permitted in the auditorium." In his theatre-going days—forty or fifty years ago—Fred had noticed an important fact: that no interval is ever quite long enough to finish a cigarette. You shoved your way to the bar, lighting a cigarette as you went. You got your drink as the warning bell went, and you surged back down the corridor. There was a sand-tray just outside the auditorium, and you chucked a good inch and a half of unconsumed coffin-nail into it. The same thing happened in the second interval.

For Fred, this meant rich pickings every day, and twice on matinées. Especially at the Acropolis, home of spectacular musical shows, with a seating capacity of 2,000. Fred had an arrangement with the attendants: after each performance he was allowed to empty the sand-trays—enough tobacco for thirty or forty new cigarettes, which he could sell at a halfpenny each. At Christmas, or in the summer, when Americans came to London, he even found two-inch cigar butts. These he smoked himself, for he was a connoisseur of cigars.

His shuffle quickened to a lollop as he approached the Acropolis. In a tuneless wheeze he began to sing: *Oh, we're not dead yet, we're not dead yet!* . . . But the rest of the song wouldn't come. He'd forgotten it, as he'd forgotten so many things.

Funny: the streets seemed so empty. No people, few buses. As he reached the ugly porticoes of the Acropolis Theatre he realized why. It was Sunday.

Sunday! He'd even forgotten what day it was! No show on Sunday. No fag-ends, either. And yet—why were the doors open? Why could he hear music coming faintly from inside? He knew the tune, knew the words, too:

It's a great big shame,
And if she belonged ter me
I'd let 'er know who's who. . . .

Aloud he said: "Gus Elen sang that!" His eye fell on a bold black-and-white playbill outside the amphitheatre doors. Shuffling closer, he peered at it as if he were dreaming.

Music Hall Artists' Benevolent Fund, he read. *Here they are again—The Old-Time Music Hall Stars!* ..The names danced and blurred before his eyes. Elsie Seabright, Harry Crump, Lottie Maxwell—he hadn't heard of them for over thirty years. Eugene Stratton, Harry Champion, Marie Lloyd; Dan Leno—ah, *they* were being impersonated by Mr. Fenchurch Gibbs, who for the last quarter of a century had been giving his "impressions" at Masonic dinners.

Tim Delaney ("Characteristic Irish Vocalist"), Effie Martini ("How's yer poor feet?")—*they* were still alive, Fred knew, though they must both be over eighty. "The New American Biograph"—now that was a clever touch: that took you right back to 1902!

. . . *and an impersonation*, the playbill went on, *of the Great Mark Plewley!*

"'Ere!" Fred gasped. "'Ere, they can't do that!" Indignantly he stumbled through a door marked Exit Only and painfully climbed a flight of soft-carpeted stairs. The singing grew louder—the audience was joining in the chorus now:

A-naggin' at a feller wot is six foot three,
And 'er only four foot two! . . .

An elderly white-haired attendant grinned at him as he peered through red-plush hangings at the stage.

"Bit early for your fag-ends, aren't you, Grandpa?"

But for once Fred wasn't interested in fag-ends. He shuffled into the theatre and stood

against the wall, his eyes never leaving the stage.

They 'adn't bin married not a month nor more,
When underneath 'er thumb goes Jim . . .

It wasn't Gus Elen, Fred decided. Couldn't be. Must be a young chap imitating him. Doing it well, though.

Izzerntit a pity as the likes of 'er
Should put upon the likes of 'im?

The chorus swelled to a mighty finish and dissolved into a roar of applause. Fred felt a tide of excitement break over him. The curtain fell, and in front of it walked an elderly man in tails and a monocle. This was Mr. Macdonald Pirie, the M.C.

"And now," Mr. Pirie intoned richly, "I give you the Queen of the old Alhambra—yes, in person!—our very own—*Lottie Maxwell!*"

The curtain rose on a small, plump woman with a woebegone droop to her face.

"By God!" Fred gasped aloud. "It really *is* Lottie! She must be seventy-five if she's——"

Now Lottie was singing her famous number, *'E was werry good to me, 'e was.* Poor old thing, you could hardly hear her. But the audience had the words printed on leaflets, and they sang with her.

When it was over, she took her bow stiffly, with a faraway smile, as if she didn't believe it was all happening. She was gently led off the stage by Mr. Macdonald Pirie, who then came forward to announce the next item.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen—still hale and hearty at seventy-eight—I give you . . . dear old . . . *Harry Crump!*"

Harry Crump specialized in patter songs. Gnarled, tubby, tough as old rope, he trotted on to the stage, ran up and down as he sang, panting gustily with every movement, his face getting redder and redder.

Aaoooh!—
The baby's name is Methuen-Kitchener-Carrington-Kekewich-White,
Cronje-Plummer-Powell-Majuba . . .

BUT Fred wasn't listening. He was remembering—*hard*. He hadn't always been Fred—living in a dosshouse in Seven Dials, cadging half-pints and scrounging fag-ends. He'd been Someone. Of course, it was the drink that had done for him. And that little bitch Blanche, at the Gaiety, who'd spent his money and then left him to become a duchess. He shouldn't have bought those ponies either, nor that hotel that went bust. He'd trusted everybody too much, that was the trouble. All good pals together. Clinch the deal with a magnum of '93. And another. Proper Champagne Charlie he'd been.

It had all happened too quickly. From singing pot-boy at a Wandsworth pub to the top of the bill at the Oxford Music Hall, all in a couple of years. . . .

A house in St. John's Wood, a villa at Frinton, a permanent box at Daly's—he'd had them all and lost them. He'd been presented to King Edward VII. He'd been caricatured by Spy in *Vanity Fair*. He'd kissed Mabel Love. But by the end of the first World War, the old-style music halls had almost disappeared. Nobody really wanted Fred any more.

He'd bought a pub in Islington, but it hadn't been a success: too much dipping into stock, and cashing cheques for pals. He'd bought a taxi, and driven it for a couple of years, just to eke out his capital. Eventually he'd had a bad crash and lost both his nerve and his licence. After that he'd let everything go. And as the world forgot him, so, slowly, he forgot the world, forgot his own identity.

Oh, I've had a good day, today—hooray!
I've lorst the missus, and missed the train,
And somebody's pinched me watch and chain. . . .

At last Harry stopped singing, and Mr. Pirie was in front of the curtain talking.

"Well, we're getting near the end of the show

Whatever it was that he bought, the deal would always be clinched with champagne

now," he said. "It's been wonderful to hear so many old favourites again. I know I'm speaking for all of us, young and old, when I say—here's to Absent Friends!"

There was a genuine catch in his voice as he said this. He was a good M.C. and no mistake. "It's too bad they can't be with us this afternoon," he went on. He clasped his hands, then raised his voice dramatically: "And yet . . . perhaps they *are* with us! As I look round this grand old theatre, I seem to see them smiling at us—Marie Lloyd, Albert Chevalier, Harry Champion . . . . Time has taken them all from us. Still, as the late, great Mark Plewley used to sing. . . ."

Mr. Pirie got no further. There was a sudden commotion in the side gangway of the stalls. A squeaky voice was heard protesting: "'Ere! *'Ere!* What's all this?"

Heads turned and shushed the intruder. Mr. Pirie, annoyed at having his peroration interrupted, asked coldly: "Is anything the matter?" Looking down at the front of the house, he saw a dim, tramp-like figure shuffling wheezily towards the stage. It was Fred, his face working with righteous indignation. The audience tittered nervously, not sure whether this was part of the show or not.

Underneath a gaudy mural of Bacchus and Ariadne to the right of the stage, Fred stopped and pointed a menacing finger at Mr. Pirie. "What was you saying about Mark Plewley?" he asked.

Mr. Pirie's foot tapped impatiently. "I was about to point out, sir, that the late Mark Plewley used to sing a song which——"

"Wotcher mean, the *late* Mark Plewley?"

Two uniformed attendants sidled up behind Fred, ready to eject him if necessary. On the stage, Mr. Pirie was thinking fast. Who was this pathetic old wreck? Drunk, probably. Better humour the old idiot and pass it off somehow.

"I was regretting," Mr. Pirie boomed, "that dear old Mark Plewley, like so many of the old-timers, has passed on to a better world."

"You mean 'e's dead?"

"That is a crude way of putting it," Mr. Pirie admitted.

"Well, 'e ain't!" Fred snapped.

A MURMUR of excitement broke out in the audience. The older folk craned their necks to get a look at Fred, and gasped their confirmation. "It's him! It's Mark Plewley! I'll swear it is!"

Mr. Pirie took a deep breath. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I'll show you 'oo I am!" Fred panted. He climbed a short flight of stairs on to the stage and shuffled towards his interrogator. Suddenly his age rolled off him. He whipped off his battered billycock hat and placed it under his left arm like a ceremonial bearskin. At the same time he half-crossed his right leg over his left and raised his right hand in a gesture midway between a papal blessing and a military salute.

Mr. Pirie stared incredulously. Shabby and decrepit as the old man was, he was Mark Plewley to the life. The pose was unmistakable.

Up in the gallery they began to cheer. Fred threw back his head and shouted up to them: "Yes, I'm Mark Plewley—*hin* person—and I'm *Not Dead Yet!*"

That brought the house down. They stamped, whistled, yelled. Of course! It was a gag, a magnificent bit of showmanship. Even Mr. Pirie seemed convinced, and played up.

"Well, Mark! It's certainly good to see you! And what are you going to sing for us?"

The old man peered down at the pianist in the pit. "You know any of my numbers?"

"Most of 'em, Mr. Plewley."

"How about *Pickin' Me Teeth?*"

A shout of laughter from the auditorium. The pianist grinned reassuringly and strummed the last four bars of the refrain.

Pickin' me teeth ahtside Romano's,
Makin' believe that I'm a toff . . .

Mark Plewley's voice was but a quavering caricature of itself now, but it didn't matter: before he was halfway through the first verse, the audience was singing with him:

On the strict Q.T.
I'm stony broke, you see,
So what's a feller to do but larf it off?
(Gor-blimey). . . .

FROM the wings, Mr. Pirie was watching in amazement. With him were a couple of newspaper men. "I can't understand it," he muttered. "Thought I'd kept track of every old music hall star in Britain. Everyone said he was dead. Wonder what he'll sing next?"

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, by special request—that rousing, rollicking favourite—*We're Not Dead Yet!*"

We're not dead yet,
We're not dead yet!
We may have been asleep,
But we're not dead yet. . . .

Already two thousand voices had taken it up. You could see the old man's mouth opening and shutting, but the voice was the mass-voice of a battered nation cheering itself up for the next packet of trouble.

While we've got the lads to fight,
A million you can bet,
We can prove to all the world
That We're Not Dead Yet!

Mark Plewley bowed his way through three calls. His old colleagues and rivals closed in on him. "Mark! Mark Plewley! Is it really you?"

A crescendo drum roll, and the subdued thunder of tip-up seats as the theatre stood for the National Anthem. But the curtain did not rise, for Mark Plewley's legs had suddenly buckled beneath him. Without a murmur, he fell forward on his face. As he fell, the pocket of his ragged greatcoat burst open, scattering cigarette-ends like cherry-blossom all round him.

One of the Pressmen dashed forward with a camera and flashbulb. The other was already at the phone by the stage door:

"Mark Plewley. P-L-E-W-L-E-Y. Old music hall turn—look him up in the cuttings file, Ted. Age about eighty. Nobody knew he was still alive. Collapsed during the National Anthem. He'd been singing *We're Not Dead Yet.* Not Dead Yet, see? . . ."

Through the door the reporter could see Mark Plewley being carried out to a taxi. They'd found a doctor in the house. He grabbed the doctor's arm, shouting: "Is he. . . .?"

"No. Malnutrition. Hadn't eaten for about four days."

Into the telephone the reporter said: "Upbeat ending, Ted. He'll pull through. I'll call you again from the hospital. 'Bye." THE END

Singer Chaliapin (right) and composer Albert Coates. Chaliapin often visited the Savoy kitchen to direct cooking of his *bortsch*

Film stars Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and Joan Crawford spent their honeymoon at the Savoy after their marriage in 1929

Millionaires' parties in the good-time days

JEAN NICOL, **in the fourth article of her fascinating series about the Savoy Hotel, tells of famous guests of the past, and of lavish millionaires' parties when fountains gushed champagne and guests dined in gondolas**

MY FIRST DAY AT THE SAVOY began at a quarter past nine on April 17, 1939. I crossed the Strand to the Savoy Courtyard and stared through the window of the tailor's on the corner. A patch of shadow reflected back to me the plain navy blue suit and white piqué shirt. In the preceding three weeks I had been told that there was a vacancy in the Savoy's Press Relations Office, had sent a letter outlining my schooling and the brief intervening period I had spent on the staff of a daily newspaper, and had been interviewed by a thin, humorous man who asked: "Have you read *Imperial Palace?*" and "Do you know the name of Olivia de Havilland's mother?" Now I was starting work as "Secretary to the Business Promotion Manager."

Most of my first day at the desk in Room 205 was spent in studying a silver booklet on the history of the Savoy and three foolscap pages giving the names of the various heads of departments and the more important members of their staffs. High above the canopied entrance to the Savoy stands the gilt figure of Count Peter and along the walls of the courtyard are seven plaques recording the history of his palace. As I went home that evening, I studied them, too.

Peter, Count of Savoy, one of the most powerful nobles of Europe, was invited to England by Henry III towards the end of the year 1240. One of Peter's brothers, Boniface, was Archbishop of Canterbury; his niece was Queen of England. Henry gave him many estates, including the site in the Strand upon which Peter built the great Palace of Savoy. During the following century and a half it was the home in turn of Simon de Montfort, the King of France who was brought back captive after the Battle of Poitiers, and John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Even to this day the headquarters of the Duchy of Lancaster are in the precincts of the Savoy. Chaucer wrote many of his poems in the palace, and was married in the Chapel of the Savoy—the only part of the original palace which still stands. The rest was burned down during Wat Tyler's rebellion in 1381, although more than once rebuilt.

Almost exactly 500 years later—in October, 1881—Richard D'Oyly Carte opened his theatre in the Savoy with a production of *Patience*. The success of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas had made possible a home of their own and in the new theatre D'Oyly Carte introduced many original ideas, including lighting by electricity—then entirely a novelty. Next to the theatre he acquired a vacant site for the generating plant, and the idea later came to him to build on this site a new hotel more up to date than any to be found in Europe.

First Of The "Ascending Rooms"

The building of the Savoy Hotel began in 1884 and when it opened in August, 1889, it had already been immortalized by Whistler's famous picture, "Savoy Scaffolding." It was the first "completely fireproof" building in the world, boasted seventy bathrooms and one telephone, and had the first lifts to be seen in London, which were described by the enthusiastic Press as "ascending rooms." These two original lifts still remain with their red japanned interiors and wrought-iron gates—one outside the private dining-rooms named after the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and the other outside Room 205.

From the very beginning, the Savoy attracted the world celebrities who have continued to make it famous in each generation. Henry Irving took a suite; a Mr. Phillips gave a lavish dinner costing £15 a head at which fruit was served on the trees and guests were able to pluck their own peaches, plums and cherries. Chaliapin, the famous singer, became a guest and was often to be found in one of the kitchens, superintending the preparation of his *bortsch*. Sarah Bernhardt also reserved a suite and, one hot June evening, unable to sleep after an exacting performance of *Joan of Arc*, she took an overdose of chloral. Fortunately, she managed to summon help, the doctor from the French Embassy was hastily called, and by 5 a.m. all was well and the harassed manager was able to return to bed.

American golfer Walter Hagen practises shots from the roof of the Savoy Hotel

Not long after the Savoy had opened, Richard D'Oyly Carte decided to bring to London a man whom he had noticed abroad and thought would do well as manager of the Savoy Restaurant. His name, later to become famous throughout the hotel world, was Cesar Ritz. With Ritz, as head of the Savoy kitchens, came Escoffier, one of the greatest chefs of all time. Ritz persuaded the secluded London society of those times that it was smarter to dine in the Savoy Restaurant, particularly on Sunday evenings, than in their own homes; and gradually the whole pattern of fashionable London life changed. To encourage them he engaged Johann Strauss and his orchestra to play the lilting Strauss waltzes. The Princess of Wales and the Duke of Clarence came to dine; so did the legendary Duc d'Orleans, accompanied by his two pet tiger cubs. The first woman to smoke in public chose the Savoy. The year was 1896 and the smoker was the Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, who puffed not one but innumerable cigarettes as she lingered over the supper table.

When Ritz left at the turn of the century, George Reeves-Smith, then manager of the little Berkeley Hotel in Piccadilly, moved his office to the Savoy and became the managing director of the company. Almost at the same time, Rupert

Continued on page 32

There was the ugly emotion of fear on both their faces. Nap pressed home the point quickly. "We will see who is first to send for the police".

The trial of Victoria Lamartine

by MICHAEL GILBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

At last Nap had stumbled on something—something that would have to be handled very carefully. And time was growing short now . . .

VICTORIA LAMARTINE, French employee of the Family Hotel, Euston, London, was standing trial at the Old Bailey for the murder of Major Eric Thoseby. The prosecution's case was that Thoseby, a British agent in France during the war, was the father of her illegitimate child, now dead, and that she had stabbed him for deserting her.

Victoria's case was that the father of her child was a Lieutenant Julian Wells who had disappeared after a Gestapo raid on the French farmhouse where she lived and where he was hiding. Thoseby was his superior officer, and it was to find information about Wells that she had asked Thoseby to visit her at the hotel.

Those were the bare facts; but behind the case lay drama. Two days before the trial was due to take place, Victoria, dissatisfied with her unenthusiastic legal defence, changed her lawyers. She chose the firm of Markby, Wragg and Rumbold, and caught the interest of Nap Rumbold, son of the senior partner.

Nap, realizing that evidence of Wells must be found to strengthen Victoria's case, set his friend, McCann, to search out information in England, while he went to France to check the history of the Gestapo raid. He managed to postpone the trial for a week, briefed Hargest Macrea, one of the most formidable barristers in London, and left his father to manage the legal fight.

Before looking into Wells's history, McCann, in London, decided to investigate the other guests who had been staying at the hotel on the night of the murder. He found that a Mrs. Roper, one of them, was on the fringe of the law and engaged in dubious gold and currency deals.

Nap, before travelling to France, looked into the Société de Lorraine, a semi-official French organization in London, to seek routine information about French nationals in the case. He spoke to Madame Delboise, a glamorous young widow, who, he found later, was on the same night boat to France. At any other time, Nap would have been delighted; now he was cautious. Not wishing anyone to know his plans, he gave her the slip, and travelled alone to Rouen.

In Rouen, he got a shock. Waking in his hotel bedroom, he found a tough-looking visitor. The visitor didn't say much, but what he said was to the point. "What you are embarked on is not your business. Go back to England now."

Nap wasn't so easily shaken. The threat made him keener than ever to get to work—and work quickly. For it was then Saturday, and on Monday the trial opened.

PART 3

Monday

MR. RUMBOLD was one of the first to get clear of the Old Bailey as soon as the court was adjourned for lunch. He was not attracted by criminal work. He himself was a company lawyer and an expert on the leisurely intricacies of Patent Rights. So far as he was concerned a murder trial at the Old Bailey meant hurrying to and fro in taxicabs with suitcases full of papers, endless conferences and last-minute

telephoning; it meant sandwiches for lunch and lateness for evening meals and working into the small hours of every morning. Unless he was very careful it was going to mean a thundering attack of dyspepsia.

At the office he found the boy standing by, and sent him out for sandwiches, shouted for his secretary, and made his way to the sanctuary of his own room.

"Any messages?" he said. "Anything from France yet?"

"Nothing from Mr. Anthony yet," said Miss Hardiman. She was a plump, cheerful girl, fortified in her not infrequent differences with Mr. Rumbold by the knowledge that she could never be dismissed since she was the only living person who understood his filing systems. "But Mrs. McCann has been on the phone."

"Mrs. McCann?"

"Major McCann's wife. She wants you to go and see her."

"Go down to Shepherd's Market? Now?"

"She said it was important. She's got a witness. She wouldn't tell me any more over the telephone."

"Have you got her number? All right, ring her up and I'll talk to her. What are those?" The boy had just come in.

"Egg sandwiches, sir. Real egg."

"Good boy. Oh—yes—yes—it's Mr. Rumbold, Mrs. McCann. You've got what? Oh, yes. Of course, certainly. No trouble at all. I'll come right away. See if you can get a taxi, Sam. Yes, I'll be there in about ten minutes. Don't let her go. Goodbye."

He crammed one of the sandwiches into his mouth, gave the other three to Miss Hardiman, and made for the street at a trot.

At the Leopard he found Mrs. McCann waiting for him and was conducted through the lunch-hour crowd at the bar, up the stairs and into her sitting-room.

"It's a girl," said Mrs. McCann without preamble. "Her name is Irene, and she's a singer."

"Is she here?" said Mr. Rumbold, with a sideways look at his watch, "because——"

"I've sent for her. I don't keep her on the premises. While you're waiting why not have some lunch? You look about all in. I could have it sent in here."

"Well—really, I——"

"Steak pie. Some Dutch cheese and a half pint?"

"All right," said Mr. Rumbold. "Only I shall have to hurry. The court reassembles at two o'clock."

"You've plenty of time then. It's not more than fifteen minutes by taxi."

Irene arrived with the cheese. Her coat and her hair were russet red and her skin had the yellowish, oily look that stage faces often have by daylight. She was round and plump and the combinations of colours made her look not unlike a little Dutch cheese herself. She was desperately genteel and she moved in a cloud of unidentifiable perfume. Despite all this, Mr. Rumbold found himself liking her. She was patently honest and could have had no conceivable motive for coming forward but the goodness of her own heart.

"I was in the Benbow Café," she said, "with a lot of the boys and girls. It's a little place we use when we're 'resting.' Ellie Pinkerton, who runs it, was in panto herself for years. It's a little place in Gower Street. I said good night at just before half past ten——"

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Rumbold, "what night was this?"

"I'm telling you—the fourteenth of March. The night that officer got done in at the hotel in Euston."

"How do you remember the date? Not that I disbelieve you, but it's as well to be quite clear about it."

"I was telling you. It was my birthday. We'd been having a sort of do at Ellie's to celebrate."

"Good enough," said Mr. Rumbold. "Please go on."

"Well, I live in Dunbar Street—that's this side of Mornington Crescent, so I thought I'd walk home. It was a nice night, warm for spring, and I'd been having one or two, just to celebrate—you know."

"I know," said Mr. Rumbold.

"I was about half-way home—just at the turning into Pearlyman Street—and I thought I'd sit down for a minute and take the weight off my feet. You know the hotel—there's a little street runs behind it—Pearlyman Mews or Pearlyman Court or something like that. It's nice and quiet and quite dark."

"Pearlyman Passage?"

"That's it. Well I parked on a low wall and leaned against a buttress. I was sitting there, quite quietly, minding my own business, when

Macrea's simple question appeared to confuse Sainte. For the first time, there was a pause

I heard a window go up and someone called out, softly, but plain enough to hear."

She paused, and Mr. Rumbold, aware of a slight dryness in the throat, asked: "Could you make out what was said?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl. "It was clear enough. It was a name—'Benny'—just like that, in a whisper, 'Benny.' I couldn't say I'd recognize the voice, not even to say whether it was a man or a woman, because when a person's whispering it's not easy to tell. But I heard the name of the person they were calling all right. There was no mistaking that—Benny."

Mr. Summers, the prosecuting counsel, was questioning a witness. "Your name is Robert Chaunter Ammon, and you are a major in the Royal Engineers?"

"That is correct."

"Your work during the war brought you in touch with Major Thoseby?"

"Yes, I was in L.F.O.5."

"That was the official title of the Office of Liaison with the French forces?"

"That is so. We used to run all the co-operation with the Resistance in France, supply arms and materials, drop agents in—and get them out again—sometimes."

"Major Thoseby was one of your agents?"

"Yes. He was one of the first who went in. One of the best, too. He was in charge of the Basse-Loire district."

"He was in France all the time?"

"Well, he went over to Switzerland once or twice. He never came back to England."

"I take it that a man in Major Thoseby's position would move around as freely as conditions permitted among the various French maquisards? He would be personally known to many of them?"

"Yes."

"Did you, in England, have any record of the French members of the organization?"

"Oh, yes. That was one of the chief jobs of the liaison branch I was in. We kept records of everyone who was taking an active part."

"Was the prisoner's name in your records?"

"Yes, we knew about Miss Lamartine. She worked in Major Thoseby's district."

"From your knowledge of the work would you say that she and Major Thoseby would have met frequently?"

"Oh, yes. Major Thoseby often spoke about——"

"I am afraid," said Mr. Summers, timing his interruption to a nicety, "that you must not answer the question in that way. You must speak only of your own personal knowledge, not of what was said to you. However, the next witness will be dealing with the point, so I will not press it. Will you now pass on to the events of September 26, 1943? I take it that you were kept informed of what happened?"

"Yes. An official report from Major Thoseby reached me within three or four days."

"Will you give us the gist of it?"

"Yes. It told us that the Père Chaise farm near Langeais had been raided on the evening of September 26. That Père Chaise and two other men had been taken and had been shot. That it was feared that Lieutenant Wells had been taken. That Mademoiselle Lamartine, arriving later at the farm, had also been picked up and was being held. That all necessary counter-measures were being put in hand, known localities changed, codes altered, and so on."

"When did you next hear from the prisoner?"

"Some months after D-Day. It would have been the end of March or the beginning of April, 1945."

"As a result of the message you received did you try to get in touch with Major Thoseby?"

"Yes."

"How many times did you hear from the prisoner?"

"I didn't keep a record. Half a dozen times at least between March, 1945, and 1946."

"Did this surprise you? I mean the persistence with which the prisoner communicated with you?"

"Well the first time or two it seemed quite natural. Later it did seem a little odd. Major Thoseby was in Germany during the whole of 1946. He was on the War Crimes Commission. I gave Miss Lamartine several addresses at which she could write to him. It began to strike me that if he didn't answer her letters—or didn't do what Miss Lamartine wanted him to do—then he must have his own reasons."

"You use the words 'do what Miss Lamartine wanted him to do.' Have you any idea what that was?"

"No idea at all."

"You were acting simply as an intermediary?"

"That is correct."

"Very well, Major Ammon. One last thing. From your own knowledge of the Resistance organization, can you say whether agents in your employment were always trained in certain personal methods of defence and attack?"

"Yes. Whenever possible they were so trained."

"I will be more specific. The nature of the blow which killed Major Thoseby has already been described. Would it be your opinion that such a blow had been given by a person trained in Resistance work?"

"There's no certainty about it. It might very well have been. Resistance workers were trained to use any weapon that came to hand, or even to manufacture them out of ordinary household implements—a sharpened knitting needle run through a thick cigarette holder, or a bicycle

Continued on page 25

Hero of the flying ambulance

In the lonely Highlands and Islands, Captain David Barclay is almost a legend. However bad the weather, he has never yet let a call for help go unanswered *by KEITH ELLIS*

ALTHOUGH DAVID BARCLAY, a short, stocky, matter-of-fact Scot, has spent most of his forty-five years in Glasgow, his name is rapidly becoming a legend throughout the Highlands and Islands, from Campbeltown on the Mull of Kintyre through the Hebrides to the Orkneys in the north. His visits are fleeting. By day or night, in all kinds of weather, his twin-engined biplane touches down on a lonely runway, takes aboard its cargo and a few minutes later soars into the wind on its way back to Glasgow. Barclay is officer in charge of the British European Airways ambulance flight at Renfrew Airport, near Glasgow.

Besides Captain Barclay, the ambulance flight consists of First Officer Bob Payne and two radio operators, the four of them forming two crews who work a roster of twenty-four hours on and twenty-four hours off. They are ready to fly by day or night to any of the service airports in the Hebrides and to Campbeltown, and by day only to ten emergency landing-strips scattered over the Hebrides, Highlands and Orkneys. During 1950 they made exactly two hundred flights, and a further eighty-three in the first five months of 1951. A similar ambulance flight at Aberdeen, which serves regular landing-fields in the Orkneys, answered forty-four calls over the same period.

Since each flight costs the Department of Health for Scotland £16 a flying hour—about £45 for an average round trip—air ambulances are strictly for cases beyond the resources of local hospitals, where the patient is too ill to travel to Glasgow by the ordinary surface route. Most are severe accidents, difficult births and emergencies such as perforations, bowel obstructions and acute appendixes.

Nurse Anne Gilliland, a sparetime volunteer from the Southern General Hospital, sits beside the patient in the adapted aircraft

Barclay and his colleagues have also carried cases of cerebro-spinal fever, haemophilia, perpetual hiccups, nephritis, anaemia, pleurisy, infantile paralysis, brain tumour, hepatitis and peritonitis. There was a girl of sixteen months who sampled a pot of paraffin while her father was painting, and a boy of two stricken with acute bronchitis and a broken needle in the buttocks. A woman of seventy had a spontaneous fracture of the femur, and a farm-worker had a hole knocked in his skull by part of a threshing-machine. Three babies have been born in air ambulances. Although Siamese twins were still-born five thousand feet over Tobermory, there have been no deaths to date actually in the plane.

Hospital In Two Hours

One of the men and women who owe their lives to the air ambulance service is Malcolm Baker, a twenty-one year old motor-cyclist who was returning from the Whitsuntide Fair at Campbeltown when he had an accident. The doctor who answered the call to Campbeltown Cottage Hospital found the pillion-rider already dead. One glance at Baker's fractures of the skull, humerus and collar-bone told him that treatment at a modern general hospital was essential if his life was to be saved.

The Mull of Kintyre is a narrow peninsula that reaches across the North Channel, beyond Arran towards Ireland. As the crow flies, Campbeltown is less than sixty miles across the Firth of Clyde from Glasgow, but the shortest road route is 140 miles. Within an hour, after receiving first aid and being taken across the Mull to Macrihanish Airport, Baker was lifted gently aboard a specially adapted De Havilland Rapide. An hour after that, he was lying in bed at the Southern General Hospital, Glasgow.

Since Campbeltown has a proper airfield, Barclay considers it an easy call. Far more difficult are the emergency landing-strips, most of them cleared fields, sometimes only four hundred yards long with nearby hills blocking the approach. At Barra, the island on which the film *Whisky Galore!* was made, the landing-ground is a shelf of sand, 900 yards square, on the east side of the island. It is under water at high tide and, before setting out, Barclay has to consult the tide-table. In winter, landings are possible only during three hours each day. "During that time, I have to see every child with a sore belly," says the doctor.

Lighthouse Emergency

If there were no air ambulance, the thirty cases sent to Glasgow each year would have to wait for a steamer which leaves Castlebay, the largest settlement on Barra, at 1 a.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Provided the train connection were caught at Oban, they could hope to arrive in Glasgow at 5 p.m. the same day. Barclay does it in two hours.

Even the journey to the landing-strip is gruelling for the people who live on the tiny islands nearby. When there is a serious case on Vatasey the patient has to be brought six miles round the point to Castlebay in a small open boat. At different times, the Barra doctor has brought both the lighthouse-keeper and his wife in the Lighthouse Commission's tender from Barra Head lighthouse, twelve miles south-west of Castlebay. Both were suffering from acute appendicitis. When they arrived in Castlebay they had to travel a further ten miles to the landing beach on a stretcher strapped to the back of a lorry.

To reach Barra and most of the other islands, Barclay has to cross the path of eighty per cent of the cyclones that pass over the British Isles. "He's arrived here," says the doctor at Barra, "in the middle of January when the tide was leaping across the sand at the rate of yards a minute. A south-west gale was blowing showers of sleet and hail—and he had no de-icing equipment on his plane."

"So far," says Barclay, "we've had a lot of luck. No calls have come when the weather was too bad—perhaps because the doctors realized the difficulties. The most we've had to do is to wait a few hours when the weather was impossible." Since the Rapide, a 1933 model, has a normal speed of only 120 m.p.h., it is unable to fly against a constant wind of more than 60 m.p.h. This did not stop Barclay from flying to Sollas when gusts reached 65 m.p.h. Sometimes a Dakota, which has a higher airspeed and is fitted with de-icing equipment, has been used instead.

One Guinea For Nurses

When Movement Control at Renfrew receives an ambulance call from a doctor or B.E.A. agent, Barclay is paged over the airport loudspeaker system. While he musters his crew and checks the weather, the movement control officer informs airport control, asks Southern General Hospital for a nurse and sends a car to fetch her. Meanwhile, engineers remove four of the seats from one of the five Rapides that operate the regular Hebrides service (there is no special ambulance plane) and substitute two cradles to which a stretcher is clipped. A few minutes later the nurse arrives.

All the nurses are volunteers working in their spare time. The fee of a guinea a trip is sometimes easily earned, but often the going is rough and the nurse may be airsick and long overdue.

Nurse Janet Farquharson's first ambulance call was on January 15—a trip to Barra to collect two sick children and a sixty-year-old woman with diabetes. The plane took off at 9.20 a.m. At first the weather was fine, but a few minutes out the radio operator announced that they were heading into a storm. So that they could have a straight run back, the pilot decided to refuel at Tiree, where Angus MacPhail, the B.E.A. agent, confirmed that a storm was blowing up over the Minch, the channel that divides the Inner and the Outer Hebrides. The pilot hurried on to Barra and at 11.30 a.m. landed neatly on the sands.

Engine And Radio Failed

By now a gale was blowing and the old lady, who had never flown before, was distinctly unhappy. Fifteen minutes after the pilot had taken off again, one engine broke down and the radio failed. He decided it was too risky to attempt Renfrew without ground contact, and landed at Tiree. All the patients were uneasy.

An ordinary service plane was waiting to leave for Renfrew, and Nurse Farquharson helped to transfer her patients. They had been shivering in their seats for half an hour when the pilot

B.E.A. PHOTOGRAPHS

Patients are taken aboard like this from the beach at Barra. Barclay (at head of stretcher) has to consult tide-tables before landing here—and sometimes brave sleet gales

said: "The weather's too bad. We'll have to wait a while." Passengers and crew huddled in the waiting-room, where they managed to make some sort of meal. The weather got steadily worse. The pilot decided it was too bad to make Renfrew that night, and the passengers found accommodation at the Island Hotel.

Next morning, it was windy but dry. The plane set off at 7.45 a.m. The journey was extremely bumpy and the diabetic got more and more unhappy. At 10.30 they landed at Renfrew. Janet Farquharson returned to the Southern General at 11.50 a.m., twenty-seven hours after setting off.

The Smallest Passenger

Most cases need little active nursing during the flight. When necessary, first aid, blood transfusions and injections of morphia and penicillin are previously given by the local doctor. The nurse keeps the patient warm, soothes his air-sickness and gives him hot drinks from a flask. She must also be ready for an emergency such as childbirth, in which she is solely responsible.

Part of the equipment kept at Renfrew is a tiny oxygen tent for children up to eighteen months old. So far it has been used only twice, first for a little girl whose breathing was restricted, and later for Mary Marion McNeil, a premature baby. After travelling twenty-eight miles across South Uist to Benbecula Airport, she was flown through snow to Renfrew by First Officer James Howie, a former colleague of Barclay. He reckoned that at 2 lb. 11 oz. she was the smallest passenger ever carried by air.

Treatment of a patient falls not only on the nurse but also on the pilot in the way he flies his plane. When carrying patients with injuries of the head, chest and heart, Barclay must keep below five thousand feet. With abdomens he must limit the rate of ascent, and with fractures take off quickly from rough strips and fly in smooth air. Pregnant women must also be flown in smooth air and as high as possible. Few patients are airsick, and it has been found that most, especially those suffering from shock, actually improve. This is explained by the comfort inside the plane and the psychological effect of being swiftly conveyed to hospital.

Barclay has occasionally had patients who were a little frightened of the prospect of flying —but no refusals. One old man demanded pencil and paper to make his will before consenting to travel, but the precaution proved entirely unnecessary. "Ambulance flights have inspired a confidence in air travel," says Barclay. "People say 'if a sick woman can do it, so can I.'"

Nobody remembers the first air ambulance, but it is believed to have been in 1932 or 1933, when a visiting pilot gave a lift to an emergency case. Barclay, who had learned to fly in 1927 as a founder-member of the Scottish Flying Club and had become a civil pilot after five years in the R.A.F., made his début as an ambulance pilot in 1934.

In the early days there were no proper airfields or even strips on the islands, the pilot landing only when he spotted a suitable field. Often they chose beaches. In appalling weather, pilot Freddy McNeil once landed in a field at Broadford, Skye, but found that with the extra weight of the patient it was too short for a take-off. Undismayed, he flew to a larger field in the nearby island of Pabay while the patient was carried across in a boat. This time he took off safely.

When the air ambulance service was reorganized in 1948, Barclay, who had flown more ambulance flights than any other pilot, was chosen as officer in charge at Renfrew. He insists that it is far from being a one-man job. Apart from the rest of the flight, each call brings into action about twenty people on the ground. Because of this, the Western Regional Hospital Board, which administers the service, recently instructed all doctors to ask for ambulances outside normal operating hours only in great emergency. Although Barclay once made a night landing by the light of storm lamps on a strip of grass in North Uist considered inadequate even for daylight landings, night ambulances are normally restricted to licensed landing fields where proper lighting is available. When an emergency occurs on an island with no proper landing-field, Barclay first inquires if it can wait until morning. ("There are few cases that can't wait a few hours," says one doctor.) If it cannot, he asks if the patient can be taken to the nearest airport.

Boy With Peritonitis

The second engineer of a Milford Haven trawler took his nine-year-old son on a fishing trip. The weather was bad from the start, the boy was continually sick and developed pains in the stomach. Eight days out, the pains became so bad and the boy so weak that the engineer consulted the captain. "We'll put in at Barra and get medical advice," he suggested. At 6.30 that evening, the boy walked into the island doctor's surgery. "One glance at his face told me he had peritonitis," said the doctor later. "He would die within hours without treatment." After giving the boy penicillin, he rang Renfrew Airport for an ambulance. By now half a gale was blowing and the tide was swishing over the sand. "As they say in Gaelic, it was as dark as inside the belly of a black dog."

"Sorry," said the movement control officer at Renfrew, "there's no chance of a plane until tomorrow afternoon, but I'll put you on to Barclay." The doctor explained to Barclay that the boy would be dead before the next day, and suggested lighting up the beach with car headlamps and a flarepath of blazing waste in buckets. "Too dangerous," said Barclay. "But I'll fly to Benbecula. Can you get him over there?" The doctor agreed to try. Benbecula was the nearest night-landing airport.

The skipper of the trawler said he would take the boy twenty-one miles by sea to Lochboisdale, a harbour on the island of South Uist which is connected to Benbecula by a bridge. The doctor phoned to South Uist for an ambulance to be waiting at Lochboisdale. Meanwhile, David Barclay was flying to Benbecula. The boy was given another shot of penicillin at South Uist and whisked along the twenty-four miles to Benbecula by ambulance. Barclay was waiting. Four men had to hold down the wings of the plane as the boy was lifted aboard. Hesitatingly, the plane edged into the gale and gathered speed. Finally it lifted and began the journey to Glasgow. At the Western Infirmary, the boy recovered.

Won Order Of St. John

Hugh Davidson, editor of the *Campbeltown Courier*, says: "If an honour were to be given to one individual by popular vote, the recipient would be David Barclay." "He's a real hero," said one doctor. Another, who suggested he be awarded a medal, was evidently unaware that he already has the M.B.E. "for services to civil aviation," and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for his ambulance work. Barclay himself is so modest that he sees nothing unusual in his work.

The citation to his Order of St. John, however, says: "Flying conditions were often extremely bad, thick fog, fierce gales, blinding snow; the landing-grounds in the Western Isles were in many cases hopelessly inadequate, little more than fields or strips of sand. On many occasions Captain Barclay would have been fully justified in refusing to make the trip, but no call for help went unanswered." THE END

A WORLD PROJECT STORY FROM FRANCE

Tomorrow at three

by *PIERRE BOILEAU*

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL MORDEN

He wouldn't keep the date; he'd be in jail. But what did that matter? He had swept this girl off her feet

DANIEL PECHIN CASHED the cheque just five minutes before the bank closed. An elementary precaution. Everything went off just as he planned it should. And why not? The day before, he had called up the bank. Passing as his old uncle, Stephen Pechin, he had informed the manager that he would withdraw a large sum from his account the following afternoon, and that he would confirm his phone call by letter. He had imitated the signature of his uncle on the letter as impeccably as he had imitated the timbre and intonation of his voice. For months, Daniel had practised his uncle's signature, had studied his uncle's voice with a patience and an unflagging attention that he had never given to any task he had ever undertaken before in his life.

And that unpretentious signature that he had forged on the cheque was worth nothing less than a cool million to him. A cheque for a million francs, payable to the bearer.

It was Friday. The bank would be closed for two days. And at the very earliest, the forgery could not be discovered before Monday. But why be pessimistic? Why should it be discovered at all?

Even though a considerable sum was involved, it was only a routine financial operation which could not possibly cause any comment if a teller or some official from the bank should happen to meet his uncle.

Besides, claiming that his doctor had ordered him to take a cure in a distant watering-place, Daniel had easily obtained three weeks' vacation from his victim, who was his employer as well as his guardian. Consequently, the only thing that could possibly surprise Stephen Pechin would be the fact that he would have no news at all from his nephew.

But would that surprise him so much? He knew very well from numerous past experiences that the young man had no love for him. If it were not for the promise he had made to his dying brother, Stephen Pechin would have been very glad to wash his hands of Daniel completely.

The old fellow wouldn't get suspicious; he wouldn't possibly think that anything was wrong, until the time came for his nephew to return to his job. And by then Daniel would be far, far away, and it wouldn't do much good to look for him. Furthermore, he had a shrewd idea that his uncle would say nothing to the police anyway, that he would try to keep the whole thing quiet, so that the name of the family would not be involved in a shameful business.

He might even think it was cheap at the price to get rid of his nephew for good. . . .

The fast train for Havre left at seven o'clock in the evening. Daniel had three hours to kill, but he knew exactly what he wanted to do with them. After all, it takes at least three hours to say goodbye to Paris.

He walked for a long time, wandering aimlessly from one street to another. From time to time, he pressed his elbows to his sides and felt with delight the packets of 1,000-franc notes that he had distributed in special pockets which he had arranged in the lining of his coat.

How lovely Paris was in this late afternoon of a sunny spring day! The thought that he might be looking at it for the last time filled him with a romantic melancholy that had a charm of its own and which rather pleased him.

In the course of his walk he happened to stray into an old-fashioned brasserie on the rue d'Amsterdam, smelling of sauerkraut and disinfectant, where the floor was sprinkled with sawdust. The waiter wore outmoded handlebar moustaches. Childhood memories flooded back to him. It must have been here, to this very brasserie, that his parents had brought him to dinner, on their return to Paris after spending the summer vacation at the beach in Normandy. And he remembered a kite in the form of an eagle, and a little basket of shrimps with the word "Dieppe" printed across it. So it wasn't sheer chance after all, but rather a deep and mysterious instinct which had directed his steps to this restaurant. He drowned his tender and nostalgic feelings in two glasses of kirsch.

At the station, his chest, already well padded with packets of banknotes, swelled with joy, a joy compounded of pride and assurance. It was the first time in his life that he had travelled first class. As he was getting into the train, with a new-found sense of importance, he asked the guard if this was the train for Havre, and was somewhat irritated when the man answered, without turning his head or batting an eye, in a completely indifferent tone: "Yes, Havre." Fine way to treat a man with a million francs in his pocket!

To sooth his wounded sensibilities, Daniel imperiously hailed a magazine and newspaper seller, and, without making a move to leave the train, bought a conspicuously expensive review. But even this gesture did not produce the desired effect. The woman gave him his change quickly, impersonally, as unimpressed as if she had sold a child a ten-franc comic.

THE train was nearly empty. In one compartment, a young, very pretty woman sat all alone. She wore no hat, and her thick, chestnut curls fell down over the turned-up collar of her smart travelling coat. She was ripping the uncut pages of a novel with swift, decisive strokes of her paper-knife.

Ordinarily, it would not have entered Daniel's head to go and sit down in front of the girl, when all the other compartments were empty. But the sensation of a million francs in his pockets made him bold. He pushed open the door, entered the compartment, and sat down.

Daniel paused at the door to take a good look

NOW, Daniel Pechin was abnormally shy. That was the whole trouble with him. He read a lot. He devoured "scientific digests," studied their articles, tried out all their "personality tests." He had made up his mind long ago that he was suffering from an inferiority complex.

But he didn't stop with the diagnosis. He wanted to discover the cause of his complex. And it soon occurred to him that it was obvious that his sense of inferiority came exclusively from the fact that he didn't have money.

It was because he was *poor* that he always considered, *à priori*, that everyone he met was his superior, and that he was the subordinate. It was because he was *poor* that he always felt so horribly embarrassed in public gatherings. And finally—and that was the major point—it was because he was *poor* that he had never dared to strike up an acquaintance with a girl.

Once he knew what was wrong with him, it was clear that he had to do something about it. Already the cure seemed to be working. With what perfect assurance he had carried himself

the girl. He couldn't believe that, only a few minutes before, he had been afraid to speak to her

since he had walked out of the bank! With what urbane authority he had talked to the railway guard and the newspaper woman! It wasn't his fault if those two idiots didn't realize. . . .

And now, the supreme test: he dared to walk right into this compartment and sit down in the corner seat, facing a young and very elegant woman! It wasn't his fault that she hadn't looked up from her book long enough to look at him.

Suddenly he realized that, unconsciously, he had put a cigarette in his mouth. It irritated him. Smoking had always been a means for him to cover up his embarrassment, to give himself a little self-confidence. But the irritation didn't last. You couldn't get rid of such reflexes from one day to the next. He began to feel that this remnant of his psychological past was scientifically interesting, even rather touching.

Besides, why shouldn't he smoke if he wanted to? He looked for his matches. ("I ought to have bought a lighter.")

He suddenly stopped short, as he thought: But I must ask permission to smoke. Immediately he began to blush and his heart began to beat faster. "Excuse me, m'mselle, do you mind if I smoke?" Could he really ask a pretty girl such an idiotic question? She'd think right away that he hadn't enough imagination to find a better excuse to strike up a conversation with her.

Daniel kept his hand in his pocket, his fingers clutching the box of matches. Light my cigarette without saying anything? It wouldn't be very gentlemanly. Especially with all these compartments empty, where I could smoke without disturbing anyone. . . . I'm stupid. I don't have to smoke.

In fact, it was very simple. He took the unlighted cigarette out of his mouth and replaced it awkwardly in his cigarette case.

At this point, the girl cut the last page of her novel, put the paper-knife in her bag, and calmly looked her neighbour over.

Daniel immediately sensed that she was aware of all his ridiculous scruples. He began to blush as he had never blushed before in his life. After a few moments, he could stand it no longer.

He got up and left the compartment. And since he sensed those lovely and quizzical eyes following him down the corridor, he continued until he was out of her sight. His knees were trembling.

Resting his burning forehead against the window-pane, he slowly recovered his composure. He remained there for some time, without moving, without thinking of anything, like a man who has narrowly avoided a fatal accident. Then he began to reflect on what had happened and he lost his nerve completely.

It became quite clear to him it wasn't the fact that he didn't have any money. Even with a million francs in his pocket, he hadn't changed. He was still a hesitant, timid little man who blushed all over if a woman looked at him. Whether he had ten million or twice that, whether he lived in Timbuctoo or in Patagonia, he would still be the same—a poor little fish.

With his usual lack of confidence, Daniel was soon convinced that this incident was a sign that his whole scheme was doomed to failure. The forgery had certainly been discovered, the police informed. The bank manager had probably known all along that the telephone call and the letter were both faked.

Why had they cashed the cheque for him? His pessimistic nature furnished an immediate explanation. It was just a trap of his uncle's to see how he would act. Just like the old devil.

Sunk in these fatalistic musings, Daniel hardly realized that the train had left the station. Suddenly he saw they were crossing the Seine. "Well, maybe the mouse is going to get away from the cat after all. The old skinflint took one chance too many this time. . . ."

But then the voice of pessimism countered: "And if they gave me false notes? If the bank manager and my uncle got together and fixed something up?"

Daniel felt his pockets. He nearly ran to the toilet, and in his haste scarcely noticed when he bumped into two men standing discreetly at the end of the corridor.

He shot the bolt and examined several of the notes. No doubt about it, they were all right. He buttoned up his pockets again, dashed some cold water over his face, and emerged.

It was only then that he noticed the two men stationed there, shoulder to shoulder, as though they were barring the way. Daniel understood in a flash. He walked back towards his compartment quietly, but he felt a painful contraction in the pit of his stomach. He proceeded the whole length of the corridor, to the other end of the carriage, just to make sure. There they were. Two others, standing there quietly. And all four had that same indefinable but unmistakable look about them.

He lighted a cigarette. And suddenly he felt calm and almost relieved. It was all over. And he was glad of it. He knew now that he didn't have the guts to get away with it. He could never succeed in anything. He was born to be a loser. And he had embarked on this adventure, not because he ever had the idea that he might be successful, but simply so that he wouldn't be ashamed of himself for not daring to take a chance.

Back in the compartment, the girl had put down her book on the seat beside her and was dreamily smoking a cigarette. Daniel glanced in at her and smiled at his recent scruples. He paused a moment at the door, just to take a good look at her, and then walked jauntily in. The miraculous transformation that Daniel Pechin had hoped would occur in his character when he acquired a fortune came about only when he was convinced that he was about to be arrested as an embezzler.

There was absolutely no doubt in his mind that he would be picked up as soon as he got off the train in Havre. Consequently, it didn't matter what he said, it didn't matter what he did: nothing could involve him beyond this definite and rigorously limited span of time. His acts were without consequence. Whatever initiative he might take, whatever decisions he might arrive at, they were valid only for the immediate present. For the first time in his life, Daniel Pechin was free. He was like an actor with one scene left to play and, like the actor, completely irresponsible.

He couldn't believe that a few minutes before, the idea of speaking to the girl had frightened

Two men stood together in the corridor, as though to bar the way. Suddenly, he understood

him. For as soon as he set foot in the compartment, he began on a tone of comic indignation: "And to think that I went outside to have a smoke. If I had known. . . ."

She puffed on her cigarette. "Would it have been so hard to find out?"

He half closed one eye. "You would have thought that I was trying to strike up conversation. And I don't like that sort of thing. . . ."

"As far as that goes, I might think the same thing now," she parried.

For a minute he couldn't think of a reply. But he didn't feel embarrassed. He scarcely blushed. He raised his hand to his mouth, and with his thumb and forefinger attached an imaginary padlock to his lips.

"Well, just to convince you, I'm not going to say a word." And they began to laugh together. A quarter of an hour later, they were sitting side by side reading the same magazine. At first, Daniel confined his conversational efforts to small talk. He learned that she, too, was going to Havre. But then he discovered, with astonished delight, how easy it was to amuse a woman. And now he was talking well—brilliantly, he thought. He commented on the illustrations, was ironic about the fashion designs. And the girl was listening to him with evident pleasure. And even as he talked, the nephew of old Stephen Pechin was asking himself: Is it possible? Is it really me carrying on this effortless conversation with a girl, turning on the charm as though I'd been doing it all my life?

At Rouen, even before the train came to a complete stop, a plain-clothes man leaped from each end of the car. Appearing to ignore each other, they stood guard over the window of Daniel's compartment. He had foreseen this manoeuvre. It would have been shortsighted not to have guarded this possible exit. But as he looked at the two of them standing there, he experienced neither anguish nor hatred. The present was the only thing that mattered.

THE train pulled out of the station. Daniel grew more and more lyrical as he spoke of the pleasures of travelling, of the stimulus of the unknown, of the individual's spiritual need of change, of instability, of taking chances, of living dangerously. He generously seasoned all this with literary reminiscences, a little Gide, a little Montherlant, both discreetly unacknowledged. The girl leaned back in her seat, studying the glowing features of her companion. The only movement of her attentive features was the occasional flickering of her long lashes.

At Bréauté-Beuzeville, the plain-clothes men went through the same manoeuvre. But Daniel was so carried away by the beauty of his own rhetoric that he didn't even notice them. For there was no question about it, he had swept this elegant and desirable woman off her feet.

He leaned towards her and, brushing her fresh cheeks with his lips, whispered: "When are we going to see each other?" She did not draw away and answered without the slightest hesitation: "Whenever you like. . . . How about tomorrow?"

"Fine. Is three o'clock in front of the station at Havre all right with you?"

She repeated: "Three o'clock, in front of the station."

"My name is Daniel."

"Mine's Elizabet. My friends call me Lisette."

There was nothing more to say. He leaned back, a little wearily. He half closed his eyes in order to savour his victory.

The train began to jolt and then slow down. Daniel read on a sign: *Havre 500 metres.* A wave of despair swept over him, but it was a despair tempered by calm and resignation. It was bearable. Lisette had got up and was assembling her few pieces of luggage. He looked at her, vaguely tender. She will wait for me in vain tomorrow, he thought; by that time I will be in jail. But what of it? It will be a final victory for me. The girl didn't mean anything to him. She was only a pretext, the material for an experiment. Another would have served just as well. The four plain-clothes men in the corridor had already been the means of revealing to Daniel what his possibilities were, what a man he could be. The change in his personality was as clear and unmistakable for him as a physical transformation.

And these men were the ones who were now going to. . . . Was there any way out?

The train slowed down. The station platform appeared. Daniel's mind was suddenly dominated by one single thought: that the girl should not notice anything out of the way. . . . It seemed easy: he would arrange it so that he would be the last to leave. Probably the detectives would like it better if the whole thing passed off without any fuss. He observed: "It's better if we don't get off together. Perhaps somebody is here to meet you."

"No, no one is meeting me," she answered.

The train stopped. Daniel saw the two men on the platform.

He pretended that he had not heard Lisette's reply. "See you tomorrow."

"Until tomorrow." She turned her head to smile goodbye as she left the compartment. He sat down by the window and followed her with his eyes as she walked off in the crowd, her bag in her hand.

Suddenly his mouth opened in astonishment. For the two plain-clothes men started to walk off in the same direction. A few brisk steps and they were beside the young woman. She turned her head, first right, then left, stopped short, seemed to waver. One man took her arm, but she shook herself loose from him, and walked off with them at her side. The two other detectives had got off the train and followed close behind.

FOR a moment, the shock was so great that Daniel stopped thinking. And then thoughts crowded his mind, horrible, humiliating thoughts. Lisette had not really been interested in him. She had been acting to him all along. But why? Why? And then, suddenly, he knew why. The million francs! How had he been idiotic enough to forget?

Feverishly, he searched himself. Of the bulky wad of notes spread out in his clothing, he found one sheaf—10,000 francs. His mouth working, he jumped to his feet, lowered the window and leaned out, shouting. Lisette seemed to walk on more quickly. One of the policemen turned his head. Daniel gesticulated, shouted louder, intent only on stopping them and getting his million francs back.

Other heads turned now. One of the policemen touched Lisette's arm and the party stopped, looking back at him. Another of them began to walk towards the compartment, and Daniel at that moment stopped waving, sharply. It had dawned on him suddenly that he dare not mention the money, dare not claim it as his own.

"What is it?" asked the policeman.

"Nothing. . . ." Daniel said. "It was nothing. The lady—I had an appointment with her—it is of no consequence— I wanted to alter the time—I cannot keep the appointment."

The man laughed. "Don't worry. The lady finds herself unable to be present either. You can say goodbye to the appointment."

"Yes," Daniel said. "Yes, it is best."

But, as his eyes followed the party down the platform, he was saying goodbye to a lot more than the appointment. THE END

AUTHOR FROM MONTMARTRE

PIERRE BOILEAU, forty-five year old author of "Tomorrow At Three," is a Parisian. He has always lived in the same corner of Paris where he was born—Montmartre.

He began to write when he was at school, and continued with stories and novels for many years when he was working as a tradesman. It was in 1938 that he scored his first big success—national acclaim and a prize for his novel, *Repos de Bacchus*—and decided to write for a living.

He followed his success with a number of books, mainly thrillers, and now concentrates on work for the films.

"Tomorrow At Three" is one of the prize stories entered in the World Story Project, an international fiction contest in which writers from twenty-three different nations are competing for a first prize of 5,000 dollars.

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Helped by his daughter, Laurence Hardy prepares for a fishing trip. He carries tackle to suit any conditions. But he also listens to old wives' tales

Britain's most complete angler

by LAWRENCE EARL

For the man who has made his hobby part of his job, there is not even a dividing line where work ends and pleasure begins

A MIDDLE-AGED, BELL-BOTTOMED ruddy-faced widower probably holds the distinction of being the most envied angler, if not in the wide world, at least in the trout and salmon waters of the British Isles. Since Laurence R. Hardy is managing director of a fishing tackle factory known by name wherever a fly is cast, a pleasant problem faces him nearly every day of his life: where does his work end and his pleasure begin?

Sixty-eight years of age, L. R. has been fishing with fly, bait and various artificial lures almost since he took his first uncertain step. Even now, when he might be forgiven for easing up, he averages one hundred days rod-in-hand and out-of-doors out of every three hundred and sixty-five, fair weather and foul. Once, he even hooked and landed a salmon during a total eclipse. He considers fishing as much a part of his job as designing a new fly or filling a fat order from Argentina and, in fact, can and does argue that the time he expends in angling pays his firm at least as well as the time he sits behind a desk.

"When I go fishing," he says, with some satisfaction, "I test new equipment, make notes, think out how to overcome weaknesses. Take the development of braided nylon lines. It was my tests which showed where the original weaknesses were in actual practice." When he angles, he often takes as many as fourteen rods and half a dozen reels with him. "When you go to fish," he declares, "you do want to catch fish. I take a variety of tackle to suit any condition the water might be in: biggish baits, minnows, flies, prawns. It doesn't matter what conditions you fish in if you have the equipment." This might sound suspiciously like salesmanship, coming from anyone less devoted to angling. Hardy means just what he says.

Some years ago, he rented the angling on a small river and a loch in Ross-shire. One dusk—about nine o'clock on an August evening—he began to fish with a fly called the gilknockie or, as Hardy himself would put it, "a number nine, short-point, double gilknockie." During that evening, over a period of three hours, no fewer than twenty-three sea-trout rose to his fly. Of these he landed twenty-two, weighing from two and a half to twelve and three-quarter pounds—or about one fish every eight minutes. Even L. R. could not complain.

About a week later, he went out again in precisely the same conditions of wind, weather and water. The trout, however, scorned his feathered barb. "I told my chauffeur," Hardy relates, "to put up my Hardy Wanless spinning rod and Number Two Altex reel and to get out an inch and three-quarter brown and gold Hardy Devon—a spinning bait. At the third cast, I hooked an eight and a half pound grilse, and after that seventeen sea-trout up to nine and a half pounds. I had a friend with me who stuck to the fly and didn't get a fish. You've got to fish with the right thing at the right time."

He Is Still Superstitious

L. R., a firm believer in the study of water conditions before choosing a fly or bait, nevertheless sometimes leans heavily on old wives' tales. Once he was driving with a doctor companion for a day's fishing in the River Coquet, near his home in Alnwick, Northumberland, when he caught sight of a single magpie. "Oh-oh," said Hardy.

"What's the matter, L. R.?"

"Don't you know the old doggerel about magpies?" the professional angler asked. "'One for sorrow——' I've got to look for a second magpie." He motored for two hours until he saw one. "There!" he exclaimed. "'Two for joy!' Now we can go fishing." That day, Hardy killed the largest fish ever caught on the Coquet—thirty-three and a half pounds. This sort of thing does not help to wean him from his superstitions.

Hardy has fished for pleasure (but with business always in mind) in England, Scotland, Ireland and Norway. His brother Alan, also a member of the firm, has caught giant char in Canada. "And my late brother, Harold, fished in the Argentine," Hardy adds. "He was invited to go there by the Argentine Government. The fishing was wonderful, with brown trout and rainbows running up to seven pounds. When Harold came home he said to me, 'L. R., for the first time in my life I was tired of fishing. I caught so many.'"

L. R. himself does not believe he will ever tire of fishing. One day in his youth he caught 127 trout, and was still keen to go back next morning. The biggest fish he has ever caught, a salmon, was taken in Norway; it weighed forty pounds. Hardy gets a greater thrill out of catching salmon than any other fish. He almost croons when he describes the fishing qualities of the Norwegian rivers, but his best day on any water was much nearer home. This occurred in September in the early thirties on the River Coquet, where he has his own fishing. "The river was in very good order," he recalls. "It was a nice height, running down from a flood. A lot of new fish had come in and were rising and showing themselves. It was a good fishing day, with a mixture of cloud and sunlight and the wind downstream. I fished from nine in the morning until seven at night and killed a salmon, on the average, every thirty-three minutes. Eighteen salmon on the fly, and I didn't lose a fish. That was my most remarkable day."

To L. R. there is no thin dividing line between the pleasure of his fishing and the business of working around the sprawling, multi-roomed factory. When, for example, Hardy's eyes began to grow worse, about fifteen years ago, he

found it difficult to follow a dry fly as it floated along the stream in the dusk. He thought about this for a while, then developed the L.R.H. Sail Dry Fly. "I put the tip of one single white cock's hackle on the top of each hackle dry fly," he explains. "Then I could see it." Apparently, many another fisherman had been waiting for exactly the same thing, for today the fly is one of Hardy's fastest selling lines. He has developed many other items of fishing tackle in exactly the same way.

His sail dry fly sells for only a few pennies, but some Hardy developments cost the angler a great deal more than a few pounds. Some years ago, the late Zane Grey, famous Western story writer and big game fisherman, called to see Hardy. "Will you build me a big-game reel," he asked, "which will be the best reel in the world and the highest-priced one in your catalogue?"

"Certainly," L.R. said, and built him one out of monel metal, a super-hard alloy, carrying a price-tag of £100. Grey was delighted. "Just the thing for marlin and mako sharks," he said. He ordered Hardy to fit him out completely for his next expedition.

In addition to Grey, Hardy has a long list of famous customers, including many kings and ex-kings. He sells to Hollywood stars (Greer Garson and Franchot Tone among them), to diplomats and dictators. When, a couple of years ago, a fly was blown by the wind into the eye of Lewis Douglas, then American ambassador to the Court of St. James's, the odds are that it was tied at the Hardy factory. Marshal Tito of Jugoslavia has been seen whipping a stream with a Hardy rod, and the company supplied fishing tackle to King George V, King Alfonso of Spain and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy.

"If you're interested, mister, it so happens one of these flats is booked down to me . . . of course, it would mean your buying the furniture"

Years ago, a royal command came from Italy for one of the Hardy family to go there at once to teach Queen Elena "the fine art of fishing." Harold Hardy went and gave her lessons. Her gratitude was again expressed, not long ago, with an order for fishing tackle sent from Egypt, where the ex-queen was living in exile.

Hardy's uncle, J. J. Hardy, was a world's champion flycaster in the 1890s and subsequently took young L. R. and his brothers in hand. After intensive training the boy was launched in the tournament world in 1904. He went from height to height, finally quitting the tournament grind just before the first World War. He is still a perfectionist at placing a fly. "Frankly, casting was done to keep the Hardy name before the public," he admits. "However, it's like motorcycle racing: to get a machine or a fishing rod up to that competitive pitch you do more research than you otherwise would and the public, as a result, gets a better motorcycle to ride or a better fishing rod to fish with."

Laurence Hardy lives in a sprawling Victorian house just outside Alnwick. The walls are hung with drawings, paintings and life-like models of the big fish he has caught. On the ground floor is a large room where he works at his new ideas. The walls are festooned with more than sixty trout and salmon rods of various kinds: he is probably the best equipped angler in the world. Raincoats hang on pegs beside knapsacks, gaffs, landing nets, drying lines and hand-made canes, the manufacture of which is one of his favourite hobbies. He also keeps a good stock of black neckties on hand, because, even though Hardy feels certain that angling is more fun than anything, he still takes the game with businesslike seriousness.

"I won't fish if I'm not wearing a black tie," he confides. "A black tie means death and, after all, I'm going to kill fish, am I not?" THE END

I JOIN AN OUTPOST IN NO-MAN'S-LAND

Continued from page 9

the officers, then the caravan of jeeps moved off to the *groupe's* headquarters in the pagoda.

For a quarter of an hour de Lattre harangued the colonel and his officers, explaining the situation, his ideas, his plans. He spoke in a quick, high, fluid French voice—and he had Montgomery's trick of repeating phrases for emphasis. "*Tout cela est fini . . . fini.*"

When de Lattre arrived in Hanoi last December and began to sweep like a typhoon through the lethargic, café-sitting life of the French in Indo-China, the old hands wagged their heads knowingly. "Ah," they said, "he's new to the tropics. Give him a couple of weeks and he'll be going home on his back." But the general did not fall ill—though his sleepless, worn-out aides did. Instead, he became a legend throughout Indo-China—a legend of victory replacing a legend of inevitable defeat.

Officers Sacked

"The period of indecision," he announced, "has come to an end. The hour of command has come!" The evacuation of women and children—sequel to the heavy French defeats of October on the Chinese frontier—was halted forthwith. De Lattre brought his own wife to Indo-China and set her down in Hanoi. Chairborne colonels were sacked right and left. And de Lattre—de Lattre was everywhere.

The old-fashioned, static, defensive conception of the war was swept away. The thousands of posts were linked into a system of *groupements mobiles*—self-contained brigades with their own artillery, tanks, signals, transport. Then, in two operations, "Medusa" and "Reptile," de Lattre began the process of sweeping the Viet-Minh out of the rice-producing areas of the delta.

For the strategy of this war is a rice strategy. When the Viet-Minh abandoned guerrilla warfare and organized in regular battalions, they were setting themselves formidable problems in food supply. For the Viet-Minh army now needs at least 90,000 tons of rice a year. And one coolie can carry on his back—and most of it must be carried on men's backs—twenty-five kilograms.

Battle For Rice

Thus, the most recent desperate assault along a fifty-mile front on the south of the delta was a battle for rice. One observer told me how, while the Viet-Minh were attacking with fanatic fury, he had seen another group of men, not a hundred yards from the firing, frantically gathering rice. That was why Giap, the famous Communist war minister, told his men before the battle that this time it was conquer or die. They died. The French put the enemy losses at 10,000 men.

Now the Viets had vanished as suddenly as they had appeared. But now, with de Lattre in control, the French were seeking them out in their hide-outs. For no one knew just when, and where, the next attack would come.

Colonel Erulin gave us a lorryload of soldiers as escort and sent us out to join his battalions probing out along the line of the River Day. (A few days later Erulin himself was blown up in his jeep by a Viet-Minh mine on this road. He died in the church-hospital at Phuly.) After half an hour we came to the *groupe's* transport. To our right, only a mile or two across the green mirror of the ricefields, rose the spectacular, dark, jagged line of *les calcaires*, the wild cliff-like limestone mountains where the Viet-Minh were licking their wounds and re-forming.

When we came up with Commandant Bernard and his battalion of Algerians they had stopped for food in a village by the roadside. Bernard, a lean, tough little man, told us how they had pushed knee-deep through the ricefields, combed the villages at the foot of the *calcaires*. But they had met nothing but children. The countryside was empty.

Bernard waved a hand towards the *calcaires*. There were caves in there, he said, where you could hide an army. Even the air patrol could not see anything. And the mountains were nearly vertical; impossible to climb. It was ideal country for the tip-and-run sort of war the Viet-Minh were fighting.

Bernard prepared to move off again. Outside, on the verge of the road, a group of small Viet-Minh prisoners were dismantling the radio aerial with professional precision. They were what the French call "career prisoners." And, said Bernard, they were very good. When, sometimes, after six months, they told them: "Now, you are free—you can go," they would refuse to leave.

As they moved back to the base, the *groupe mobile* left behind one battalion to protect a "good" village out along the road. It was a Catholic village. For the Catholic ten per cent is the French Army's most powerful support. The point was further enforced next day when we came to a village that was festooned with banners, the flags of Viet-Nam, and the curious rectangular-bordered flags of local Catholicism that look like flying carpets. The district administrator, resplendent in white drill and topi, came forward to greet us. They were waiting for the governor, he said. He was coming to felicitate the village on its militia and its noble efforts to barricade the rice-fields from the Viet-Minh.

The district administrator led us off to a thatched hut to meet the curé—a wizened little imp of a man in black cassock and black-lacquered teeth. Refreshments arrived and simultaneously the band concealed behind a partition broke into robust but ponderous harmony.

Village Defenders

The governor was signalled! With a flash of black-lacquered teeth the curé was gone to arrange his militia. A professional cheer-leader from the propaganda department stepped from the first car and, adjusting the microphone, began to rehearse the population in spontaneous enthusiasm. The three sets of soldiers sorted themselves out—the Militia, the Civil Guard, the detachment from the 2nd Viet-Nam Battalion.

Three separate military formations to protect one small village—it was entirely characteristic of the present stage of military development of Viet-Nam, and it was, without a doubt, General de Lattre's most serious problem. Pledged to return "borrowed" battalions to Europe, his only possible solution is to create — in place of the extraordinary assortment of bits and pieces—a unified regular Viet-Namese army.

His aim is a force of 120,000 men; at present he has twenty-eight battalions trained and in training. Officers remain the problem, for de Lattre has set a high, French standard and the sons of "suitable"

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families in Indo-China are not in the habit of looking on the army as a possible career.

Most of the soldiers probably enlist for security, rice and 500 piastres a month—many times more than most could earn in their villages. But a professional army requires a tradition—and a tradition needs time to grow. The Viet-Namese soldier, said one French officer, is good as long as things are going all right. In a tight corner he is liable to lose his head.

Probably they are at their best as commandos—like the one I heard of who prowled in disguise through Viet-Minh villages, smelling out their leaders, destroying valuable stocks and getting away before anyone realized what was going on.

We came to Ninh Binh, fifty miles to the south of Hanoi. Just across the River Day, where it took a long, lazy bend, a massive cliff of rock rose abruptly out of the plain. From the top of the rock *massif* fluttered a big French tricolour. It was the southern extremity of French occupation. It was also a hallowed spot in the annals of the war in Indo-China. A week before, it had become the *Rocher Bernard de Lattre.*

We took a boat and paddled laboriously across the slow-moving river. On the top of the rock, beside the tricolour, a tiny figure watched us. It was Captain Marengo—"the Emperor" they called him—whose battalion had finally stormed and taken the rock after the general's son had been killed, leading his Viet-Namian commandos, in an attempt to hold it.

Night Assault

Marengo, a sturdy Frenchman of North Africa who had joined the army in the ranks in 1940, told us how he and his men had taken the rock in a sudden swift 1 a.m. assault from behind. He showed us where Bernard de Lattre—*"le petit Bernard,"* the general's son—had died, and introduced the officer who had discovered the body.

They had found the rock littered with propaganda leaflets. They were printed on rough home-made paper. "African Comrades: Avoid a Useless Death. Cross into the Viet-Minh Ranks. You will be welcomed. Paratroopers: They drop you here in a land where a thousand perils await you in an effort to save a lost situation. So wishes the Butcher de Lattre. March no longer! Seek to escape safe and sound from this murderous operation! Let yourselves be made prisoners!"

The Viet-Minh, said Marengo, were fanatics. He showed us the place in the bamboo and wire entanglement where he had found the body of a Viet who had been crawling in with a grenade ready to blow himself up to tear a gap in the wire. He'd been killed before he could detonate it.

All over the rock men were working, stringing barbed wire around its rock faces, building firing positions around its rim, ammunition stores and secure shelters. Marengo took us up to the highest point on his rock and handed us binoculars. Somewhere over there three Viet-Minh regiments were re-forming. Two American Hellcats zoomed over our heads, circled over the plain and disappeared over the *calcaires.*

Down in the river below, an L.C.M., a landing craft, was loading. Coolies trotted to and fro across its ramp with boxes of tinned food, ammunition, endless rolls of barbed wire. The L.C.M., it seemed, was taking supplies to an isolated post in no-man's-land on the wrong side of the River Day. We climbed down from the rock and joined it.

On both sides of the wide, curving river the countryside lay still under the afternoon sun; there was no movement anywhere, for—to deny the rice to Viet-Minh—gathering the harvest had been forbidden until the battle was finished. To the seven French sailors of the crew, life did not just then appear so idyllic.

L.C.M. Legère, Numero 6, was their home: they ate in it, slept in it, spent weeks on end without leaving its blank and cavernous interior. For the little ships of the navy play a twenty-four hour part in the war of the deltas, bringing up men and supplies to the fronts, blockading the rivers across which the Viets—to feed their armies—must move 20,000 tons of rice every year.

Ricefield Incident

Ensign Basse, the L.C.M.'s young captain, suddenly gave an order. L.C.M.6 swung round off her course and headed full speed at the bank, thrusting incongruously into the mud of the ricefields.

In the slanting late afternoon sun, every blade of rice stood out, green, translucent, splendid. A hundred yards away there was a faint splash. Two dark, silhouetted heads bobbed down under the water. A sailor with a rifle ran down to the end of the L.C.M. and fired twice. Other sailors jumped into the water and went wading off, the water up to their thighs, towards where the heads had been. They stopped, their rifles held above the water, watching. There was no movement, no sound. They waded on. The fumes of cordite drifted back to the L.C.M.

When the sailors returned they were towing two wicker boats, half filled with sheaves of rice. They pulled them into the side of the L.C.M., handing up their rifles out of the wet. Then they pitched the rice overboard, threw the metal bowls and harvesting things out into the river.

Just about now, back in Hanoi, they would be gathering at the pavement tables under the canopy of the

NOW YOU KNOW

IF your chimney smoked last winter, then fix it now. Cause one is simple—your chimney needs sweeping. If smoke kept blowing into the room it was probably due to down-draught. You can buy special chimney pots to cure this.

Causes three and four—an obstruction in the chimney, and dampness in the flue—are best dealt with by a builder.

Cause five is air-starvation. To burn brightly a fire needs adequate air supply. A good plan is to tap the air circulating under the floorboards by cutting a hole in the boards near the hearth and covering it with an adjustable grid ventilator.

"Keep looking at me like that and I won't *ever* bring you anything"

Taverne Royale taking their evening aperitifs, and watching the world drift by—the packed trams running alongside the Petit Lac, the little groups of wandering Legionnaires in white kepis, the willowy Viet-Namese girls floating by in conical hats and the strange, fluttering dress that so becomes them—a long, high-necked frock, split on both sides to the waist, revealing concealing white muslin trousers.

For in Hanoi, Tonkin, in 1951, less than 100 miles from China, it is not difficult to imagine oneself in one of the better French provincial towns—and a town, a garrison town perhaps, at peace.

For though, often, in the afternoons, you hear the rattle of the machine-guns and the thud of mortars apparently just beyond the suburbs—on the north the "front" is less than twenty miles away—today the sounds are almost reassuring.

The café strategists, who six months ago had their bags packed, now congratulate themselves that—unless China intervenes—France can hold the gateway of South-East Asia against Communism for the world.

Just An Illusion

In the north, de Lattre, pushing out the zone of occupation, killing the enemy, disrupting his organization, may yet compel Viet-Minh to return to guerrilla tactics; in the south, normality steadily extends as the Viet-Minh are pushed out of the rice-lands and into wild mountain and swamps. Thousands of wretched peasants, utterly weary of war, have "rallied"—as French propaganda blandly puts it—into the "pacified" areas. "Pacification" is the slogan of the hour.

It is a powerful illusion—but an illusion, unfortunately, it remains. For the only sort of pacification—the pacification of the spirit—that means anything at all for the stability of South-East Asia has scarcely yet begun in Indo-China. Though grenades may no longer scatter the crowds at Hanoi café tables, beneath the tropical languor the old bitterness still festers—a bitterness we British should recognize by now, the terrible old malady of half of Asia, the fever of frustrated nationalism that condemns a nation's best brains to futility and fanaticism.

I sat in the office of a Viet-Namese newspaper editor. The French, I said, had promised independence, wasn't that enough? He laughed. "*Ah, oui, mais ce n'est pas sérieux.*" Hadn't the Viet-Nam its own government now? He laughed again. "Ah, yes, all French puppets. It's just a façade. They are comedians."

The Viet-Namese wanted, he said, the sort of independence we British had given to India, but would the French offer them that? Not on your life they would. I did not understand the French. The French were Latins. They were not like the Anglo-Saxons. They never changed.

We sat under a picture of Gandhi, the editor's hero. Gandhi, I said, had spent half his life in jail. We Anglo-Saxons had put him there. Yes, he replied, but in Indo-China he would have been shot!

"I am an anti-Communist," he said, "but I would rather live under Communist than colonial rule. I am an anti-Communist, and Ho-Chi-Minh is a Communist. But I say that Ho-Chi-Minh is a true patriot—I salute him."

I talked to many Viet-Namese, in all sorts of jobs and places, and without exception every one of them who was not actually in the Government echoed—in greater or lesser degree—the distrust and disillusion of that newspaper editor.

Today, by his own fabulous energy, de Lattre de Tassigny has given the people of Viet-Nam something to fight with. Can he now also give them something to fight for? For if he cannot, Communism will—and the rich peninsula of South-East Asia will be lost to the West. It is only a matter of time.

NEXT WEEK: I talk with a president, visit a "pope," and see a king of the underworld

HARRY HOPKINS, JOHN BULL'S *senior staff writer and one of the best descriptive writers in British journalism today, is on a lengthy tour of South-East Asia—key danger point in the world conflict with Communism. Hopkins has a remarkable flair for seeing complicated events in perspective, and does not spare himself to get at the facts. In addition to Indo-China—source of his dispatches in this and the next two issues—he will be describing what is happening in the other awakening nations of the Far East.*

THE TRIAL OF VICTORIA LAMARTINE

Continued from page 15

spoke held in a rubber bicycle pedal or household ammonia in a scent squirt, and that sort of thing. It wasn't safe to carry weapons recognizable as weapons. Then again, the blow, being left-handed and upwards, is certainly significant. Amateurs were always taught to use a knife in that way."

"Perhaps you could explain very shortly why."

"Yes. The blow delivered in that way, from in front, goes in under the ribs, and the swing of the arm naturally takes it up into the region of the heart. If you hold a knife point downwards and strike at a person in front of you, the blade usually turns on the ribs."

"Your agents were all instructed in these regrettable but necessary arts?"

"Yes," said Major Ammon.

"Thank you."

MACREA, for the defence, stood up. "Major Ammon, you knew the deceased very well?"

"Yes. I think I did."

"Was it only a wartime acquaintance?"

"As a matter of fact I was at school with him."

"And kept up with him afterwards?"

"In the way that two busy men do."

"Quite so. And afterwards you worked very closely together over the French Resistance work. You spoke of yourself as his official contact."

"That is correct."

"Might I suggest that you knew him about as well as one man ever does know another."

"Yes. I suppose that is so."

"Major Ammon, was Major Thoseby the type of man likely to indulge in an illicit union with a woman; to have—and later to refuse to acknowledge — an illegitimate child?"

"I——"

"Really, your Lordship," said Mr. Summers, "I must object to the witness being asked to express what is purely a matter of opinion."

"Why not?" said Macrea. "It's a thing all men *do* have opinions about—where their men friends are concerned."

"I think," said the judge, "in view of the motive which you have yourself suggested, Mr. Summers, it is a question which the witness can properly be asked. I think, however, he would equally be within his rights if he refused to answer it."

"As your Lordship pleases," said Mr. Summers.

"Well, Major Ammon?"

"I don't mind answering the question," said Major Ammon. "The answer is, no. Major Thoseby was not, to my mind, that sort of man."

"You agree that men usually do know about other men, whether or not they are the type who are likely to—to have an *affaire* of the sort suggested?"

"In nine cases out of ten, yes."

"And Major Thoseby was not that type?"

"No."

"Now in connection with the numerous attempts—half a dozen I think you said—that the prisoner made to get in touch with Major Thoseby through you. You do not know if she was successful or not? You gave her his latest address and that was all."

"That is so."

"Suppose then—I just put it to you—that the prisoner was not actually interested in contacting Major Thoseby himself, but was trying to contact someone else through him. And suppose that on each occasion Major Thoseby made suggestions to the prisoner as to how she could best do this—a line she might follow, a contact who might be useful to her—you can see what I mean?"

"Yes."

"Then when each suggested line petered out, she would naturally write to you again to put her in touch with Major Thoseby again."

"It is possible."

"There was nothing in her communications with you which was inconsistent with such an explanation?"

"I agree."

"Thank you, Major Ammon, that is all."

Mr. Summers did not re-examine Major Ammon.

The next witness looked pleasantly at Mr. Summers. "Your name is Marcel Lode? You have the rank of Commissaire de Ville?"

"Yes."

"During the war you were patron of the Maquis in the district of Angers? Were you acquainted with the prisoner?"

"Yes. She was not one of the workers with whom I had much contact, but she came to me once or twice with messages."

"But you knew the deceased well?"

"Major Thoseby? Yes. Very well indeed. He was chief adviser to all of us in the Basse-Loire area."

"The farm which we have heard of—Père Chaise's farm—was in this area?"

"Certainly. It was near Langeais, in the Bois de Langeais—a few kilometres north of the river. I often visited Langeais."

"So you can tell us from first-hand knowledge of the conditions at Langeais, and at this farm."

"Yes, I can. I think perhaps we were not very clever about Père Chaise's farm. He was a jovial, talkative man. A boaster. He had what we call the Gascon temperament. Very soon I think the Germans knew that he harboured Resistance workers in his house in the woods."

"But they did nothing about it?"

"For a time, no. To catch one or two less important members of the Resistance—that was not their object. Soon, however, their patience was rewarded. A bigger prize offered. A British agent. Lieutenant Wells, arrived in the district. Even then they waited. It was no doubt in their minds that Major Thoseby or one of the other leaders might contact Lieutenant Wells at this farm."

"But they did not do so?"

"Fortunately — fortunately for him, I mean—Major Thoseby was at that time in Switzerland. By the time he got back the Germans had tired of waiting and had raided the farm."

"When was that?"

"On September 26, 1943."

"Were you in Langeais at the time?"

"No. When the raid took place I was at Amboise, at the other side of Tours. I came quickly to Langeais to see if I could be of assistance. After such a raid there was always a lot of clearing up to do—of counter-measures to be taken."

"I quite understand. Was it your impression that Lieutenant Wells had been taken by the Gestapo, or that he had been killed in the raid?"

"It would have been very unlike

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the Gestapo to have killed him at once. They would require him for questioning."

"Was there any first-hand evidence that Lieutenant Wells was taken?"

"None. Such raids were almost always carried out at dusk or just before dawn. They were very quickly and efficiently conducted. Any prisoners were taken away separately, in closed cars. It was part of the German policy that no one should know who had been taken."

"It was known, though, that the prisoner, Miss Lamartine, was taken on this occasion."

"Yes. The Germans had left a guard hidden in and around the farm. The people who were sent to warn Mademoiselle Lamartine—she was away on an errand—missed her and she walked into the trap. Our people, however, actually saw her taken, though they were just too late to stop her."

"How soon did Major Thoseby learn of this?"

"Two days afterwards. In fact I spoke to him of it myself."

"What were his reactions?"

FOR the first time in his evidence Commissaire Lode paused before answering. "He did not show his feelings easily. I, who knew him well, realized that he was shaken."

"Thank you," said Mr. Summers. "May we turn now to the time following the liberation and the expulsion of the Germans from France. Did you see the prisoner again?"

"In November or December of that year. I did what I could to help her, but I had at that time no official position. It was a very hard winter."

"Had she her child with her at this time?"

"Yes. A tiny, thin child, of about six months. Of course, conditions then were very bad. The Germans did more damage in their departure than they had done in four years of occupation. There was no electricity for lighting or heating, little fuel, a great scarcity of food."

"I understand. Can you describe the child?"

"Apart from the fact that he was sickly, most children of six months look alike, I think. He had what we call *un tête d'anglais*."

"You mean he had an English look."

"Anglo-Saxon, yes. Light hair and very light blue eyes. At that age most French children would have dark eyes and dark hair."

"I see. You mentioned just now that you did what you could to help the prisoner. What particular help did she ask for?"

"She wanted somewhere to live, some money. We were able to supply her with the necessities of life. All knew what she had suffered, and many were generous. She asked me to see if I could put her in touch with Major Thoseby."

"Why did you imagine she asked that?"

"I imagined, at that time, that she thought that he would be in a position to help her."

Monsieur Lode gave this answer clearly and quietly and for a moment everyone in the court considered it, turning the words over to see what they could make of them.

"Thank you," said Mr. Summers, "that is all."

* * *

"Monsieur Lode," said Macrea, "I want to ask you a question which I put as one of my first questions to another witness. You knew Major Thoseby well. In your opinion, was he the type of man to indulge in an illicit union with a young unmarried woman?"

"I do not think that any man could answer that question about another man."

"The last witness agreed that it was a matter about which one's friends could form an opinion."

"In England, perhaps so. In France I can assure you a man would never discuss such things with another man. With his mother, perhaps. Not with anyone else."

"With his mother?"

"Certainly. A Frenchman conceals nothing from his mother."

"I will put the question in another way. Was there anything in Major Thoseby's conduct to suggest to you that he was a man who would act in such a way?"

"That I can answer. No."

"Did he see the prisoner much?"

"Yes, from time to time—in the course of his duty."

"Would his duty ever be likely to lead him to spend the night with her?"

"On one occasion, at least. Yes."

"I see." Macrea had for the moment the look of a pedestrian who steps into a deep and unsuspected hole. "When was this?"

"It would have been in May of 1943. It was when the Gestapo were very active in the Langeais area and almost everyone concerned with Resistance work had to take to the woods. Major Thoseby was on his way through and had to spend the night in a barn—it was on the outskirts of the Forêt de Rochecotte. The prisoner also was sleeping in the barn."

"And was anyone else present at the time?"

"Oh, yes—about fifteen other persons were sleeping in the barn as well."

"Yes—I see—not what one might call an intimate occasion."

"No."

"Monsieur Lode, after the Armistice in 1946, did you work for a time at Arolsen in North Hesse as one of the French team on the U.N.R.R.A. Tracing Staff?"

"That is correct."

"You dealt particularly, I believe, with lists of persons who had been in concentration camps and in Gestapo prisons."

"Among other matters, yes."

"Do you remember personally dealing with an inquiry for a Lieutenant Adrian Wells?"

"Yes, I do. I recollected him, of course, since I had been so nearly

THE HUMAN MACHINE

"Fools" rush in

ONE of the dangers of our age is the expert. He always knows so many ways in which a thing can't be done.

Because one man has failed, it doesn't follow that another won't succeed. To say positively what is or is not possible, one would have to be omniscient.

If you have an idea, don't let any "expert" deter you from trying it out. Mankind is always benefiting from "fools" who rush in where "angels" have feared to tread.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"Cute, isn't it? This is the one we're showing the fathers"

connected with his original capture by the Germans."

"Would it surprise you to know that this inquiry was put on foot by the prisoner herself?"

"Yes. I certainly did not know that."

"Why does it surprise you?"

"I have explained why, in my opinion, Mademoiselle Lamartine tried to get in touch with Major Thoseby. He had been the senior British officer in the district and it was natural she should turn to him for help. The same reasons hardly applied in the case of Lieutenant Wells."

"I am obliged," said Macrea. "You would agree then that if the prisoner afterwards sought news of Lieutenant Wells her reasons were probably personal ones."

"My Lord——" began Mr. Summers.

"I will put it to you in another way. It is within your knowledge that Lieutenant Wells spent three weeks at the Père Chaise farmhouse."

"Yes."

"He was hidden there from the time of his arrival until the Gestapo raid. He would probably not have been able to go outside the farm."

"That is so."

"And the prisoner was living at the farm all that time. In fact, they were living together for three weeks."

"I must protest——" said Mr. Summers.

"I anticipate my learned friend's protest," said Macrea smoothly, "by hastening to add that I was using the words in their primary sense only."

MONSIEUR SAINTE, as he stood in the witness box, was a thick-set white-faced man. It would have been difficult to have guessed his age more closely than that he was over forty and under sixty. The fairest description of him could have been that he looked a complete hotelier—a calling which only the French, perhaps, recognize as one of the learned professions. He spoke in good English.

Mr. Summers cleared his throat. "Your name is Honorifique Sainte?"

"Yes."

"You were formerly proprietor of an hotel at Saumur on the Loire?"

"That is so."

"Perhaps you would tell the court shortly how you came to England."

"Certainly. My hotel—it was on the river front at Saumur, near to the main road bridge, unfortunately—was completely destroyed by Allied bombing in June of 1944. It did not seem at that time likely that I should be able to start again—or not in that part of France which I knew. Licences to rebuild were almost impossible to obtain. Since I had to move, I decided to make a complete change. After some negotiation I got the necessary permission to come to England in 1946."

"Now, Monsieur Sainte, can you tell us how you met the prisoner?"

"Certainly. While in England I maintained a close contact with an organization called the Société de Lorraine, which exists to help Frenchmen in England. It was from them that I heard that Mademoiselle Lamartine was in England and was in need of work."

"You had not met her before?"

"No. I had met her previous employer, Père Chaise, at Langeais. I had been once or twice to his farm during the occupation, but on each occasion Mademoiselle Lamartine was absent, on errands, I think, for the Maquis."

"Will you now direct your attention to the period between the time when the prisoner came to work in your hotel and the events of March 14 of this year. During that time—a space of between two and three years—did the prisoner make any effort to get in touch with Major Thoseby?"

"Yes, she did."

"How often?"

THE witness shrugged. "I cannot say. The occasions that came to my attention were when she asked for time off in order to visit the British War Office, as she did on several occasions. The Foreign Office, she visited once, I think, and latterly the Société de Lorraine."

"It would be correct then to say that during that period she made consistent and repeated efforts to see the deceased?"

"I cannot say that she wished to see him. I know only that she was anxious to discover his whereabouts."

"Quite, quite. And it's very right to be accurate about it," said Mr. Summers, sounding, nevertheless, rather annoyed. "Now let us deal with the events of March 14. Perhaps you had better tell us in your own words what happened."

"Certainly. I was in my office at about half past six when Major Thoseby telephoned."

"Did you gather when he would be arriving?"

"He was at a conference at the War Office. I understood that he might arrive as early as half past seven or as late as eleven."

"What did you do next?"

"I sent for Mlle Lamartine and told her."

"What were her reactions?"

"She was excited — naturally. She already knew he was coming. We had had a message a day or two before. I asked if she would be staying in to meet him when he arrived. I knew it was the night on which she usually went out."

"And then——?"

"She said, No. She would see him when she got back."

"Were you surprised?"

"I think I was—a little."

"And then?"

"The next thing was the arrival of Major Thoseby. I was in my office when he arrived. Carnino showed him straight in."

"You had a talk? By the way, what time was this?"

"Just before half past eight. Yes

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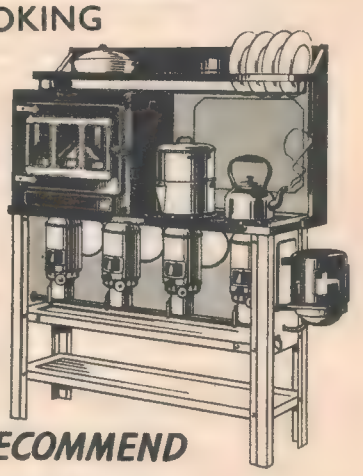

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—we had about ten minutes' talk."

"When you told him that the prisoner was not in to meet him did he seem surprised?"

"Yes. I thought he was surprised."

"What was the next thing that happened?"

"Well, the next thing would be when I heard—no, I forgot. At about a quarter to ten, Mrs. Roper came to see me."

"You were in your office?"

"Yes—I spent the whole evening in my office. Mrs. Roper was only with me for about five minutes. She wished to discuss her account. About an hour later I heard, from upstairs, one very loud shout or scream. I listened for a moment. There might have been an innocent explanation for it. Then there were more screams, loud and repeated. I jumped up and ran out."

"Did you leave your room by the door into the passage?"

"No, I went straight out through the reception desk. It is a few seconds quicker that way."

"Was there anyone in the reception desk?"

"No. Mademoiselle Lamartine was——"

"If you please, we will come to that in a moment. The reception desk was empty. What happened next?"

"I ran up the stairs."

"Did you observe anyone else while you were doing this?"

"Yes. I saw the door to the kitchen open and Carnino came running through."

"Yes, and then?"

"I ran along the annexe passage. The screaming had stopped, but I had had the impression that the noise had come from the end room. As I got there, Mrs. Roper came out. She said something—I forget what it was. I pushed past her and saw Mademoiselle Lamartine. She was standing looking down at the floor. Major Thoseby was lying on the floor. He was half hidden by the door. His coat was open and the shirt and the top of his trousers were covered in blood. It did not seem to be flowing quickly. I put a hand on his heart. He was dead."

"Thank you, Monsieur Sainte," said Mr. Summers. "That is all."

MACREA fixed the witness with a cold stare. "Now, Monsieur Sainte. On the night of the murder, Major Thoseby telephoned you at half past six."

"That is correct."

"When did he tell you to expect him?"

"As I have said, it was not stated when he would arrive. It might be half past seven—it might be eleven o'clock. He was at a conference at——"

"Yes. We have heard that. What time is the evening meal at your hotel?"

"At seven. Most people eat early nowadays."

"Yes. When does it finish?"

"It is finished by eight."

"Major Thoseby did not arrive until eight thirty. Had you kept dinner for him?"

This very simple question appeared to confuse the witness. For the first time there was a perceptible pause before he replied. "No, I did not keep dinner."

"But you said he had dinner when he arrived——" Macrea turned back some pages of his notes.

"An hotelier usually has something in reserve for an unexpected guest. There would be something in the kitchen."

"I see," said Macrea easily. "I was just trying to find out exactly how unexpected he really was."

"I do not understand that."

"I will make myself plain," said Macrea. "Will you tell us, once more—I haven't yet quite got it straight—when did you first hear from Major Thoseby?"

"Two days before. On the twelfth that would be, his letter arrived. By the evening post."

"Have you still got that letter?"

"No. I think it has been destroyed."

"Why?"

"I am not a lawyer. I do not keep copies of all the letters that are sent to me."

"Would you not, as an hotelkeeper, preserve a letter of that sort?"

"If I had a secretary, no doubt all letters would be beautifully filed. I do my own work in the office. I have not time for such things. Letters get lost."

"Very well. When did you hear from Major Thoseby next?"

"As he had promised in his letter, he telephoned me at about half past six in the evening of the fourteenth."

"I see. You have told us what he said. Then you sent for the prisoner."

"Yes."

"What did you say to her?"

"I cannot remember the exact words. She knew of the letter, of course. There was no need to say much. I may have said, 'He is coming this evening,' or something like that."

"Did you mention any time?"

"I think I repeated what Major Thoseby had said to me. He might be there at any time between half past seven and eleven."

"You are sure you said that?"

"To that effect."

"You did not say, 'He cannot be here before eleven'?"

"Certainly not."

"I want you to be very careful over this."

"I am quite certain that I did not say that he could not be here before eleven. It would not have been true. Why should I have said it?"

"Monsieur Sainte, you received a letter. That has been destroyed. You received a telephone message. Only you know what was said. The jury, if they are to judge the matter at all, have to judge by results."

"Yes."

"As a result of what you told her, Miss Lamartine left the hotel

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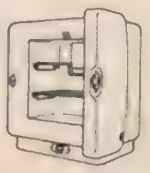

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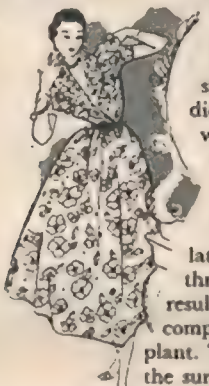

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MISS KENT *adores her garden and loves to keep her cool house filled with flowers. For gardening, for helping on the farm, she prefers to wear soft woollies with slacks or a skirt. Here she is wearing a butter-yellow sweater that flatters her tawny hair. "Lux keeps all my woollies soft and bright," she says.*

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But in the evening Miss Kent adores to relax into something soft and feminine. From a wardrobe of wide skirts and separate, beguiling tops, she chooses as her favourite this skirt of soft almond-green linen, swirled and spotted with black, and with it teams a fragile black lace blouse mounted on an almond-green slip. With great dramatic effect she adds a dashing black satin cummerbund and a huge pink rose. "Separate skirts and tops are a joy to me," says Miss Kent, "they're so very effective to wear—and so easy to wash, in Lux."

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and did not come back until half past ten."

"That is so."

"Is it not reasonable to suppose then—we know how anxious she was to meet Major Thoseby—that you said something to her like, 'He cannot be here before eleven'?"

"I am certain that I did not say that."

"You agree that it would explain her actions in a logical way?"

"I do not think that you can ever explain the actions of a woman in a logical way."

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

AFTER breakfast on Monday morning, Nap set out to visit the rue de Gazomètre. He found that it lay in the lower part of Angers. As he walked along the cobbled path which skirts the ramparts of the castle and slopes down to the river front, he turned over in his mind the idea which had come to him.

When he had called at the Société de Lorraine, in London, the director had given him the names and addresses of the two householders who had afforded "references" for Monsieur Sainte when the latter came over to England to open his hotel. The first of these "references" had been the brothers Marquis, whose farm he had just visited. A coincidence, perhaps, that the brothers Marquis should have sold up their farm and left the district at about the same time that Monsieur Sainte had come to England. Monsieur Sainte's second "reference" had been Monsieur Gimelet of the rue de Gazomètre. It now appeared that Monsieur Gimelet was a lawyer employed by the brothers Marquis.

Outside the door of No. 20 rue de Gazomètre, a chipped china plate bore the name Maître Gimelet. All the shutters were closed and the door was fast. He pulled the iron bell-pull and waited. He pulled it again. Then he became aware that the wicket gate had opened and a small man was peering up at him.

"Maître Gimelet?"

"Yes."

"Permit me, if I may, to enter. I have business to discuss." The man looked undecided. "It will take a few minutes only."

The man backed away and Nap followed him into the tiled hall.

"It is of Monsieur Honorifique Sainte I would inquire," said Nap. "He is now living in London——"

He was interrupted. The door at the end of the hall opened and a huge woman in black advanced towards them. It was an unexpected but none the less impressive performance. As she advanced she crepitated, like a snake over sun-warmed tiles.

"Monsieur desires. . . ?" inquired this female mountain, coldly.

Nap repeated his request.

"My husband does not know a Monsieur Sainte."

"Indeed," said Nap. "It seems, in the circumstances, odd then that he offered his own name as a reference for M. Sainte when he removed to England."

"As to that," said Madame, "it may be. One does these things and one forgets. My husband does business for many people. He cannot answer for all of them. What has Monsieur Sainte done?"

"Nothing," said Nap. "Nothing at all." He fixed Maître Gimelet with his eye and directed his question pointedly at him. "Is it permitted to see Maître Gimelet alone?"

"No," said Madame.

Nap looked at the attorney. He seemed unaware that anything unusual had been said, but stood quite placidly, his fingers playing with a pair of pince-nez glasses, which were hanging from a broad ribbon; his brown eyes were mild. Nap took a deep breath and directed himself again with laborious politeness to the lawyer.

"Do you recollect," he said, "that you acted for Pierre and André Marquis some little time ago in the sale of a farm—the Ferme des Grandes Puits?"

No sooner had he spoken the words than Nap realized that he was close to something. Maître Gimelet stopped playing with his glasses. Madame froze. There was silence in the long hallway.

"One forgets," said the woman. She said it automatically.

"All right." Nap spoke with sudden, savage authority. "One forgets. I ask you about Monsieur Sainte, a man for whose respectability you have vouched to the British Government. You know nothing of him. I inquire about the brothers Marquis, two of your own clients. You have forgotten. What is all this? Is it a farce? Is it a fairy story? I speak of the Ferme des Grandes Puits. . . ."

Again it came, strong as the kick of a mine detector when it passes over hidden metal. Keep at it, thought Nap. "What is there in this Grandes Puits. . . ."

This time it was quite unmistakable. It was the ugly emotion of fear. He could see it in both faces, as plain as death and dissolution.

"You will go," said the woman at last. "You will go or I will send for the police."

"We shall see who will be the first to send for the police," said Nap. This seemed to be quite a good curtain line. He let himself out into the empty sunlit street.

WHEN he got back to his hotel he inquired at the desk for letters. There were none. As he was turning away, the manageress said: "Your visitor is waiting for you."

"My visitor?"

"I put her in the writing-room—that is the small room at the end of the passage past the dining-room. I trust I did rightly."

"Quite right," said Nap. "I will go along now."

In the little writing-room he was not entirely surprised to find Madame Delboise.

"I trust you found your child well," said Nap. "You are tired of Paris so soon?"

"He is a fine boy," said Madame Delboise. "Just seven. He is in the middle of his first love affair. However, it is not of him that I have come all the way to Angers to speak. I have come to apologize."

"For what?"

"For mistrusting you in the first place. In the second for having you followed."

"I imagined," said Nap, "that I had managed to spare you the latter embarrassment. Evidently I was wrong."

"At Dieppe, you mean. It was charmingly done. Really, I appreciated it. That handsome suitcase—the true owner came to claim it before we arrived in Paris. He was most indignant."

"He has all my sympathy. I'm afraid I was very careless, to tell you the truth. I *did* have the impression that someone was following me when I left the train."

"Indeed, so far as I was concerned, there was no need," said Madame Delboise. "I was aware that the only other train leaving Dieppe was for Rouen. I merely telephoned for you to be met there."

"Ah! The young man with the bicycle?"

"Philippe. Has he not a splendid body?"

"Shattering."

"So I think. One day, when things are more settled, I shall marry him."

"Really?" said Nap, politely. "All the same someone did come after me in Dieppe."

"No doubt they did," said Madame Delboise. "The people I am thinking of have a very good intelligence service. They would be aware that you would land at Dieppe—no doubt you would be picked up as soon as you landed."

"Look here," said Nap. "Would you very much mind explaining what all this is about?"

"Of course. First, I should explain that we have a friend in common. Monsieur Bren of the Sûreté."

"You know him?"

"In fact I work for him. My assignment at the moment is to look into the matter of currency smuggling. Two of the strongest and best organized gangs work together on the cross-Channel service. We know a good deal about the French end—it is the English end that we are now studying, in co-operation, of course, with your police."

"And the Société de Lorraine?"

"A perfectly genuine organization. I was attached there merely for cover."

"Then why should you have been interested in me?"

"Because we were not quite sure about you. And anyone we are not quite sure about interests us. You are a friend of Major McCann. He was interested in Mrs. Roper—who is a friend of a man who concerns us very much indeed. We felt no doubt that when you reached France things might happen. And, indeed, from what I hear, the guess was a good one. They have begun to happen already."

"You mean that unpleasant piece of work who contacted me at Rouen? How did you know about that, by the way?"

"My wonderful Philippe saw him come and go."

"I see. One other thing. You said that you *were* not sure about me. Has anything happened to make you change your mind?"

"Of course. I had only to mention your name to Monsieur Bren. He gave you the best of characters."

Nap thought for a moment, and then said: "What's the connection between the death of Major Thoseby last March in the Family Hotel, and a large-scale gold smuggling racket?"

"Mrs. Roper."

"Yes. I know Mrs. Roper is common to both of them—but does that necessarily mean that the two stories are connected? It might have been the purest coincidence that she had the room next to Thoseby's."

"I do not believe in coincidence," said the girl. "There is a connection. And it is possible that I may be able to help you to find it. The work I am engaged on gives me certain facilities. I will give you my telephone number in Angers." She scribbled it on a piece of paper. "If you go out of the hotel, leave word where you can be found."

"Very well," said Nap.

He said it with a docility which anyone who knew him would have found suspicious.

* * *

TUESDAY

In the morning, before the proceedings opened, Macrea found time for a word with Mr. Rumbold. "Any news yet from that son of yours?" he asked.

"Not a thing," said Mr. Rumbold. "Have we any means of letting him know what's happening at this end?"

"I've got an hotel address in Angers," said Mr. Rumbold. "He ought to be there by now. If he isn't, I've wasted a lot of money."

Macrea cocked a tufted eyebrow at him.

"I sat up half last night," explained Mr. Rumbold, "cabling him a summary of all the evidence we've had so far—particularly Monsieur Sainte. It was a very compressed version but it seemed to add up to an awful lot of words when I came to pay for it."

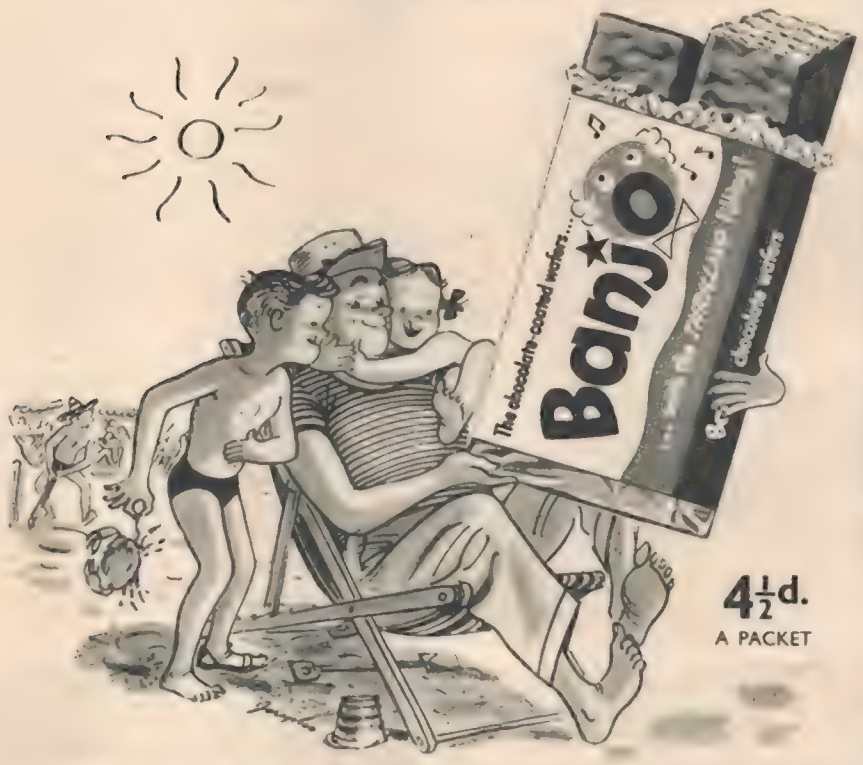
"I hope we get something from him," said Macrea. "What about Major McCann?"

"He was in Winchester yesterday. He's in Salisbury today. He says he may be on to something."

Macrea looked thoughtful. "I don't want to hurry your lieutenants unduly," he said, "but at the present rate this trial won't run much beyond Thursday midday."

To be continued next week

It's far more grand
on the silver sand...



4½d.
A PACKET

with a **Banjo** on your knee!

Take a Banjo on the beach with you! They're so big, so crisp, so satisfying! Two creamy, nutty wafer-bars covered in full cream milk chocolate—only one point.

The chocolate-coated wafers with the thrilling filling!

Made by MARS

JB

Which

are the Cow & Gate babies?

The answer is those whose parents insisted upon the best.
A Cow & Gate constitution is the finest endowment that you can give to your children. You *want* your children to be adequately equipped for the hard battle of life, and, on Cow & Gate they will be what you want them to be.
Your child's future is too vital for you to choose anything less than the best in order that the foundations of a healthy and happy life can be well and truly laid. Better be safe than sorry later on. Put your Baby on this superlative food today! (Thirteen Royal Babies to date have been reared on it.)

CEREX for Weaning
Have you tried it?

4751

JB

COW & GATE MILK FOOD
The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

"What did I do today? Not much, dear. Just sat around all day in breathless anticipation of this evening"

MILLIONAIRES' PARTIES IN THE GOOD-TIME DAYS

Continued from page 13

D'Oyly Carte, son of Richard, succeeded his father as chairman. Great developments began.

By 1904 the Savoy had spent £1,000,000 on big extensions, so that the hotel now ran right through from the Thames to the Strand. The first block of service flats in London was added and surrounding property acquired. The cellar was stocked with champagne at a cost of thirty thousand pounds. Dining out was now fashionable and parties became more and more lavish. Krupp, the armaments king, gave a party at which the fountain in the courtyard gushed champagne; George Kessler had the restaurant converted for one night into a realistic representation of the North Pole and entertained his thirty-four guests among icebergs at a cost of £2,000; on another evening the restaurant became a corner of the paddock at Epsom Downs and the artificial grass alone cost £60.

Venice In London

The most spectacular party of all was the one given by the South African millionaire, Alfred Beit. The courtyard was made watertight and flooded to a depth of four feet, scenery was painted and erected round the walls, gondolas built, costumes designed. When it was finished, the courtyard had become the Grand Canal of Venice, the guests dined in gondolas and, as the lights dimmed on the water, Caruso glided into view in a golden gondola and sang for more than an hour. The party cost more than £10,000.

In 1910 the river side of the Savoy was entirely reconstructed. The front was extended several feet, increasing in size all the river rooms and allowing space for many new bathrooms. Two additional storeys, a new ballroom and banqueting room were added, and the entire façade was refronted. This undertaking was carried out without in any way interfering with the amenities of the hotel. After months of planning, every piece of material was assembled on a vacant plot in Kingsway. The work began on August 1, and exactly two months and three days later the first guest occupied one of the new river suites.

After the first World War the Savoy had another golden age. The postwar boom and the roaring twenties had begun. Three pounds a night was charged for a single room. Food was exotic and expensive. Bear meat was flown from Finland, caviare from Russia, *fraises des bois* from Switzerland, cheese from Normandy, oysters and clams from America and mushrooms from Chantilly.

Marconi arrived from his yacht, and special soundproof doors were fitted to his suite to enable him to continue his wireless experiments without disturbing his neighbours; D. W. Griffith gave a lunch to celebrate his film, *Way Down East*; the entire Ulster Cabinet arrived and held a cabinet meeting behind closed doors; Walter Hagen, the open golf champion, kept his hand in by driving golf balls from the roof of the Savoy; six Indian princes arrived with their retinues, each one taking up nearly a whole floor; the Savoy Havana Band, London's first syncopated orchestra, began the first of a long series of broadcasts from the Savoy ballroom; Tom Mix rode his famous horse, Tony, into the hotel; Richard Strauss, the composer of *Rosenkavalier*, staggered diners in the grill room by eating raspberry jam with mutton cutlets; seventy men were needed to lay the new carpet in the restaurant foyer, which covered more than half an acre; Arnold Bennett lived at the Savoy for six months and wrote *Imperial Palace*, which he dedicated to the managing director, Mr. Reeves-Smith.

Dance Floor Lift

The Savoy became the first hotel in the world to glaze its windows with Vitaglass, thus providing its guests with ultra-violet rays; and the first to instal air conditioning in every room and telephones in every bathroom. In 1929 the dance floor in the restaurant was converted into a huge lift which rises two feet three inches above the permanent floor and enables guests to see the cabaret from every corner of the room. The machine which works this lift weighs sixteen tons and is placed three floors below the restaurant, to which it is connected by hundreds of feet of pressure pipes.

The Savoy produced its own cocktail book; Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and Joan Crawford arrived on their honeymoon; in 1932, Charles M. Schwab, the seventy-year-old president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, made his eighty-fourth trip across the Atlantic and predicted the end of the slump and a new wave of prosperity. Two years later, the Savoy built a new bandstand of polished sycamore and stainless steel, and within five years they were building again, but this time the steel was not stainless and the

I've Had a Dreadful Day!

"I've had a dreadful day!" said my husband. "My head's been aching for hours on end and I feel absolutely all in."

We had been invited to a Dinner and Dance, but he said he couldn't go.

Then I remembered "YEAST-VITE" and persuaded him to take two tablets right away.

"YEAST-VITE" did the trick! In no time his headache had gone and he felt brighter. So off we went and had a fine time.

Relieves Your Pain & Bucks You Up

"YEAST-VITE" Tablets quickly relieve HEADACHES, NEURALGIA, NERVE and RHEUMATIC PAINS and, thanks to their Vitamin B_1 and Caffeine content, this pain relief is followed by a feeling of tonic stimulus.

YEAST-VITE

"Pick-Me-Up" Tablets. Price 1/8 and 4/-

"YEAST-VITE" is a registered Trade Mark.

WIN WEALTH and WARMTH!

WHEN icy rain rattles on your windows, when places of entertainment are a dismal, wintry walk away—well, a good *Bullet* entered this week can ensure you a snug and cheerful home, whatever the weather. As £500 First Prize-winner in this week's novel offer of cash, warmth and comfort, you receive with your cheque a new ten-in-one award to provide millionaire luxury this winter.

Coal and coke shortage, lowered gas pressure, fuel cuts there may be. But with £500 and JOHN BULL'S first "Warmth-plus-comfort" prize, you can defy them—all for a *Bullet* on your coupon below!

MILLIONAIRE LUXURY FOR YOUR HOME THIS WINTER

£500 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS "WARMTH and COMFORT" AWARD value £100

Comfortable FIRESIDE CHAIRS for lazy leisure—deep-piled mohair HEARTHRUG to caress tired feet—portable FIRE (elec., gas or oil) to warm any room, day or night—INTERIOR-SPRING MATTRESS for luxurious sleep—pair of ALL-WOOL BLANKETS, always a comfort—elegant VACUUM JUG for warming drinks whenever needed—PORTABLE RADIO for extra entertainment wherever you wish—and a SURPRISE ITEM TO WARM THE COCKLES OF YOUR HEART! (Details can be varied to suit your needs—or extra cheque offered in lieu of 10-in-1 Award.)

£50, £25, 2 of £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2.10s., 50 of 10s.

2,000 "Good Shot" Awards

"Sunday Feast" Bonuses

Whole Roast Chicken and 2 lb. delicious Ham (both tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated Sept. 29, and in JOHN BULL, dated Oct. 6, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Battle For Peace
Goodbye, Festival
Plague Of Our Lives
Golden Autumn
Bricks And Mortar
Teamwork
Friend Of The Poor
Herculean Task
A Hundred Per Cent
Treading Carefully
The Bride's Mother
Overcome
Smashed The Camera
Safe Enough
In A Cosy Corner
Dropped Off
Sheer Laziness
Effie Squealed And
Down The Drain
Pulled Up With A Jerk

Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions

Man Who Can .....
Oh, What A.....When
.....With A Smile
"I've Been.....!"
Triumph Of.....
Not The.....She Wanted

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,799 (or Xword 751), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Holidaymaking just now as one of *John Bull's* ten guests on the luxurious Riviera is recent £500 winner Mrs. P. M. Sands, of Liverpool, with her husband. Post off a £500 *Bullet* this week and *you*, too, can revel in millionaire luxury—right in your home this coming winter!

Continued from next column

mingham: FOOTBALL APART—OUR VILLAGE TEAM'S "UNITED"!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin.*

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

Winners "Bullets" 1,794

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Holiday Award: J. Tyson, 24 Kirklees Road, Hillside, Southport:

THE BRITISH LION—AND LIONESS—THE SMITHS!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Holiday Award: W. S. Bell, 48 Wellbrae Terrace, Aberdeen: STATE WE LIVE IN—*Is* UTOPIA, TO *Stateless*!

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Holiday Award: D. R. Burrows, 54 Gravelly Hill, Birmingham: CRUELTY TO CHILDREN—RECALLS DICKENS—RAISE DICKENS!

£10: Mrs. E. Armstrong, 4 Barnston Road, Aintree, Liverpool: LAND WE LIVE IN—"INHERITANCE"—WE OWE "DUTY." £10: A. Tandy, 123 Leigh Avenue, Widnes: WITHOUT WAR—OVERCROWDED WORLD—LIKE BLACKPOOL! £5: Miss F. Goldup, Morella Villa, Durlock Ash, Kent: SOMEBODY RELENTED, THEN—I RECEIVED *Three* PERMITS! £5: T. R. Johnson, Station House, Bolton Abbey, Skipton: THE BRITISH LION—"MAN-EATER," WHENEVER THERE'S "BEAST." £5: J. Keane, 7 Grange Avenue, Stockton-on-Tees: THE BRITISH LION—SHARPENING CLAWS ON—*Me*! £5: G. J. O'Neill, 5 Gwenllian Terrace, Treforest: CUTE LITTLE BEGGAR—I'D EVEN BEG FOR! £5: T. H. Rawlinson, 165 Acheson Road, Shirley, Bir-

Continued in previous column

CASH AND FOOD PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 751

1. Even from unwilling witness brilliant counsel will not find evidence too difficult to
2. There's often a special risk in keeping watch on one
4. Increasing these may well be bad for greyhound stadium
5. In some cases they have turned out to be blind
6. Will often help youngster to endure hard blow with some degree of fortitude
8. One may appeal to many because of its dramatic character
12. Sponges are found in a great many of these

Down Clues

1. Sometimes it's by no means easy to get grandparents to do this
2. Diffident man isn't the kind to throw out
3. May be inspiring even when not quite clear to a man
7. You can often find catch in certain kind of one
8. Writer of detective stories is glad quickly to throw one off
9. It may be difficult to believe all the stories told by old one
10. There are circumstances in which beating will suggest this
11. What sonny may need after washing himself

£100 CASH 1st PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25 amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

50 JOHNNY-BASKETS each value £2

Strong but elegant Shopping Baskets, made by blind workers and filled with larder luxuries—one with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over—also valuable 52-WEEK XWORD SEASON TICKET if Johnny-Basket won with entry value not less than 2s.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 746 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1. Food. 2. Fear. 4. Hearth. 6. Load. 10. Not. 12. Boot. 13. Words. 14. Wage. DOWN: 1. Fake. 3. Care. 5. Wed. 7. Job. 8. Foal. 9. Four. 11. Lane.

WINNER OF £100 AND HOLIDAY FOR TWO: Mrs. M. Rishton, 26 Thurston Street, Burnley.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 21 entrants, each of whom receives Food Parcel in addition. Twenty of these also qualify for 52-week Xword Season Ticket Bonuses. Useful "Signpost" Prizes to 2nd Runners-up.

wooden struts were not polished. The Savoy had begun its air-raid shelter.

For my first few months at the Savoy I was never without the long list of departments and their managers, which I tried to learn by heart. The Savoy is entirely self-contained. It has its own oil-burning power station—a development of the original theatre plant—which now supplies light and power not only to the Savoy buildings, but also to a small area of the Strand. The hot water and central heating, steam for cooking, the air conditioning and the production of block ice, and the power for forty to fifty lifts are all supplied from this plant.

The Savoy has its own furnishing department, responsible for the carpets, curtains and upholstery, and makes its own mattresses and pillows; it has its own laundry, which daily washes hundreds of thousands of items; its own press, where the menus and table cards are printed; its own silversmiths, seamstresses, carpenters, painters, plasterers, bricklayers, joiners, doctors, detectives and florists, as well as the more usual hotel employees.

Top Hat To Bowler

The second World War came and brought its changes. One complete floor of the Savoy was closed, the glass panels in the front hall's swing doors coated with dark-blue paint. Sir George Reeves-Smith—he had been knighted in 1938—changed his top hat and frock coat for a bowler and short jacket and severely reprimanded any member of the staff heard excusing himself with: "Well, there's a war on." The hotel was very empty and familiar figures were missing from behind the reception and inquiry desks.

My office seemed very empty, too. The Press Relations Officer wrote long articles on the safety and comfort of the Savoy's air-raid shelters, which I sent to American news agencies. The Abraham Lincoln Room and the Pink and Green Rooms, three of the largest banqueting rooms below ground level, had been reinforced with tubular-steel network and iron girders. There was a decontamination centre, a hospital ward, an A.R.P. squad organized by Miles Thornewill, the present vice-chairman.

Frowned On Revelry

At the outbreak of the first World War dancing had been stopped in the Savoy restaurant and diners were permitted nothing more exciting than a light string orchestra. But dancing was started again in 1915, though Sir George Reeves-Smith was reproved at the time by the War Office, who frowned on revelry in wartime. Sir George replied that in his opinion a war was not won in sackcloth and ashes, and the dancing continued.

Nobody frowned on dancing in the winter of 1939. Christmas came and, instead of the empty, dull hotel we had all expected, the Savoy suddenly became very gay, with more people staying than there had been for six years; and on New Year's Eve the restaurant was packed with tables spilling out into the foyer.

As 1940 arrived, I was still exploring remote departments behind the Savoy scenes and, before I had inspected every one, I was sent for by Mr. Thornewill. He gave me one of his rare smiles. "You are to be the new Press Relations Officer," he said.

NEXT WEEK: When Free French "stormed" the hotel. Behind the scenes at the Savoy

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

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B. } EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

EX.

B.

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I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

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GIANT BIRTHDAY OFFER COMING—GET YOUR "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated September 22. If requiring single copy only, affix 2½d. stamp below.

P.O. 1s. No.....

For Introductory copy of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated September 22 **STICK 2½d. STAMP HERE**

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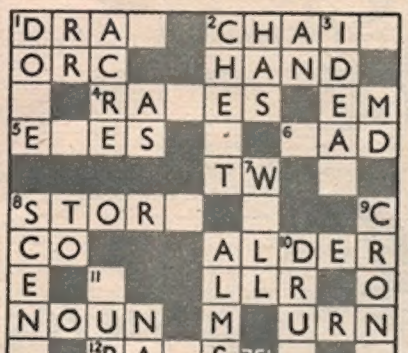
612

£100 and "FOOD-PLUS" Prizes for this XWORD



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **751** Closing Postmark MON., SEPT. 10

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Sept. 22.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

HE'S GOT THE STARS TAPED

Continued from page 10

post card arrived. "Mr. Aleister Crowley regrets that Mr. Derek Faraday has slighted the Great God Pan. He wants Mr. Faraday to take note that the Great God Pan would show his displeasure." If he has, Faraday has not noticed it yet.

Today, Star Sound Studios has £100,000 worth of recordings in stock. But eleven years ago, with the outbreak of war, things were not so rosy. The war threatened to put the studio out of business, and the Faradays' income shrank.

But before long a new field was opened up by the war. One of the leading newsreel companies engaged Star Sound Studios to make recordings of anti-British programmes, to use as reference material.

Hitler's "Death" News

Faraday remembers one particular piece of monitoring very vividly. An executive rang him in April, 1945, and asked him to make a record of Lord Haw-Haw's broadcast that evening, because, in his opinion, Lord Haw-Haw had been drunk on his two previous broadcasts.

"I tuned in all right and started the machine going," said Faraday. "But instead of William Joyce there was a lot of Wagnerian music—and then the announcement of Hitler's 'death' by Admiral Doenitz."

War brought other jobs, too, including a bad twenty minutes Faraday spent on top of an eighty-foot fire ladder during a fire-raid, holding a microphone to get sound effects for a film company. The building was well alight, débris was falling, Nazi planes were overhead and the ack-ack guns were in action. Faraday was alternately roasted by the fire and drenched by the firemen's hoses.

After all that, he got only two usable discs. Most of the records were spoilt by vibration from exploding bombs.

Subsequently, Faraday got all the air-raid noises he wanted by putting a microphone on top of the flagpole in his home at Kenton. When he played one recording back he could not place a series of great crashing noises—until a neighbour told him that he had seen a starling perching on the microphone during the raid.

Hypnotic Recording

Faraday also accidentally recorded a flying bomb. An American soldier was recording a Christmas message for the folks back home. He was just telling them not to worry because he was safe in London when a V1 cut out and exploded about 400 yards away.

D-Day gave Star Sound one of its busiest days. To provide the newsreel firm with background and reference material, it monitored 1,320 minutes of Allied and enemy news broadcasts.

There is one recording which Star Sound Studios is asked for continually from all over the world. A few years ago, Dr. H. J. Eysenck, of Maudsley Hospital, London, made a recording to test the susceptibilities of the hearer to hypnotic suggestion. The recording runs like this:

"Now stand very still, close your eyes and listen carefully to what I say. You're falling forward. . . . You're falling forward. . . . You're falling forward. . . . You're falling forward. . . . You're falling forward. . . . You're falling forward . . ." (and so on for three minutes.)

According to Faraday, most hearers fall flat on their faces after two minutes. THE END

"Old Meg says the sun makes rheumatics worse"

AND the explanation offered by old wives like Meg is that the heat of the sun draws out the pain. Of course that isn't so, but it is true that many sufferers are troubled more persistently by rheumatism during the summer months. In fact, one investigation by the Ministry of Health suggests that rheumatism is, if anything, more common in summer.

NOTHING TO DO WITH WEATHER

This 'hard core' of summer sufferers puts paid to the other old wives' tale that rheumatism is brought on by cold and damp weather. The truth is that the most common form of rheumatism seems to have little connection with weather or season. This kind of rheumatism is often caused by impurities in the system. It can be treated successfully by what your doctor calls saline treatment — a treatment provided effectively by Kruschen.

SIX SPECIAL SALTS

Kruschen saline treatment helps the system to expel impurities which often give rise to rheumatic pain. Kruschen is more than a laxative; it is a special combination of six different mineral salts. These have a dual action—aperient and diuretic—helping the bowels *and* the kidneys to rid the body of rheumatism-causing impurities in the natural way. Taken regularly, Kruschen can often prevent those impurities forming again. Give it a trial.

Kruschen costs 1/4 and 2/4 (in powder or crystals) from Chemists and Grocers. The 2/4 size will last you twice as long.

KRUSCHEN JB

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JOHN BULL'S GARDENING GUIDE

THE keen gardener, and usually the most successful one, always looks ahead, and one of the first jobs to think about at this time of the year is the ordering of spring bulbs. For best results, daffodils, for instance, ought to be planted out early, either in grass or spaces between trees and shrubs, or in borders to produce cut flowers. When planting in grass, handfuls should be taken and thrown over the sward and each one should be inserted where it falls. In this way, the flowers appear in informal patterns which obviate any ordered effect. And don't forget to pot some bulbs for indoor flowering. Hyacinths, as well as daffodils, are excellent for forcing. If done now they should flower for Christmas! Aconites, crocuses and snowdrops are other bulbous flowers which are best planted this month outdoors. Particulars concerning these and the numerous varieties of daffodils are given in most bulb catalogues. Write for them now and make your choice. Remember also, if you are thinking of rose trees, to place your order early with a reliable firm.

PAUL HART of SPALDING

The name famous in the bulb world

TOP SIZE FIRST QUALITY BULBS ONLY SUPPLIED. Send for **Free Autumn Catalogue** containing wonderful range of Spring flowering Bulbs illustrated in natural colour photography, including:

the new **John Evelyn** hybrid **Daffodils**;
the new range of **pink trumpet Daffodils**;
Mount Hood, the **pure white Daffodil**;
the new **Lily flowering Tulips**;
the new **Giant modern Tulips**;
the **Black Parrot Tulip**;
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Also full range of all **Tulips, Daffodils, Hyacinths, Narcissi, Crocus, Iris, Rock Bulbs, Roses, Paeonies, Herbaceous Plants, etc.**

This is the Catalogue you *must* have.

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HYBRID TEA ROSES, POLYANTHA ROSES.
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Cuthbert's GLORIOUS ROSES

ORDER NOW & SAVE 10/-

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THE ROSE LOVER'S COLLECTION, consisting of the 12 MOST OUTSTANDING BUSH ROSES which will produce in great abundance glorious blooms of exhibition quality.

The catalogue price of this fine collection is 45/-, a most outstanding bargain, but by ordering NOW for Autumn delivery you save 10/-. We are offering this collection of 12 FINE BUSH ROSES, each one separately labelled and carefully packed, for **35/-**

Carriage and packing 1/6.

SEND NO MONEY — PAY THE POSTMAN.

Reserve your collection NOW.

FREE.—Send for CUTHBERT'S BULB BOOK.

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SUTCLIFFE'S Greenhouses

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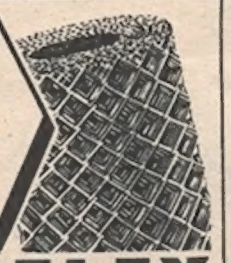

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